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AND

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Virtus trahat ad verum decus. QUID
ALII LOQUANTUR IPSI VIDEANT, SI
QUENTUR TAMEN.

THE

WORKS

OF

Alexander Pope Esq.

VOLUME I.

CONTAINING HIS

JUVENILE POEMS.

LONDON

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TO THE

Large OCTAVO EDITION.

MR. POPE, in his laſt illneſs, amuſed himſelf, amidſt the care of his higher concerns, in preparing a corrected and complete Edition of his Writings *; and, with his uſual delicacy, was even ſolicitous to prevent any ſhare of the offence they might occaſion, from falling on the Friend whom he had engaged to give them to the Public †.

*—"I own the late encroachments upon my "conſtitution make me willing to ſee the end of all "further care about me or my works. I would reſt "for the one in a full reſignation of my Being to be "diſpoſed of by the Father of all Mercy; and for "the other (though indeed a trifle, yet a trifle may "be ſome example) I would commit them to the "candour of a ſenſible and reflecting judge, rather "than to the malice of every ſhort-ſighted and "malevolent critic, or inadvertent and cenſorious "Reader. And no hand can ſet them in ſo good a "light, &c." *Let.* cxx. *to Mr. W.*

†—"I alſo give and bequeath to the ſaid Mr. "Warburton, the property of all ſuch of my Works "already printed as he hath written or ſhall write "Commentaries or notes upon, and which I have "not otherwiſe diſpoſed of or alienated; and as he "ſhall *publiſh* WITHOUT FUTURE ALTERA-"TIONS."—*His laſt Will and Teſtament.*

In diſcharge of this truſt, the Public has here a complete Edition of his Works; executed in ſuch a manner, as, I am perſuaded, would have been to his ſatisfaction.

The Editor hath not, for the ſake of profit, ſuffered the Author's Name to be made cheap by a *Subſcription*; nor his Works to be defrauded of their due Honours by a vulgar or inelegant Impreſſion; nor his memory to be diſgraced by any pieces unworthy of his talents or virtue. On the contrary, he hath, at a very great expence, ornamented this Edition with all the advantages which the beſt Artiſts in Paper, Printing, and Sculpture could beſtow upon it.

If the Public hath waited longer than the deference due to it ſhould have ſuffered, it was owing to a reaſon which the Editor need not make a ſecret. It was his regard to the family-intereſts of his deceaſed Friend. Mr. Pope, at his death, left large impreſſions of ſeveral parts of his Works, unſold; the property of which was adjudged to belong to his Executors; and the Editor was willing they ſhould have time to diſpoſe of them to the beſt advantage, before the publication of this Edition (which hath been long prepared) *ſhould put* a ſtop to the ſale.

But

But it may be proper to be a little more particular concerning the ſuperiority of this Edition above all the preceding; ſo far as Mr. Pope himſelf was concerned. What the Editor hath done, the Reader muſt collect for himſelf.

The FIRST Volume, and the original poems in the SECOND, are here printed from a copy corrected throughout by the Author himſelf, even to the very preface: Which, with ſeveral additional notes in his own hand, he delivered to the Editor a little before his death. The Juvenile tranſlations, in the other part of the SECOND Volume, it was never his intention to bring into this Edition of his Works, on account of the levity of ſome, the freedom of others, and the little importance of any. But theſe being the property of other men, the Editor had it not in his power to follow the Author's intention.

The THIRD Volume, all but the *Eſſay on Man* (which together with the *Eſſay on Criticiſm*, the Author, a little before his death, had corrected and publiſhed in Quarto, as a ſpecimen of his projected Edition) was printed by him in his laſt illneſs (but never publiſhed) in the manner it is now given. The diſpoſition of the *Epiſtle on the Characters of Men* is quite altered

tered; *that* on the *Characters of Women*, much enlarged; and the *Epiſtles on Riches and Taſte* corrected and improved. To theſe advantages of the THIRD Volume, muſt be added a great number of fine verſes taken from the Author's Manuſcript-copies of theſe poems, communicated by him for this purpoſe to the Editor. Theſe, when he firſt publiſhed the poems to which they belong, he thought proper, for various reaſons, to omit. Some from the Manuſcript-copy of the *Eſſay on Man*, which tended to diſcredit *fate*, and to recommend the *moral government* of God, had, by the Editor's advice, been reſtored to their places in the laſt Edition of that Poem. The reſt, together with others of the like ſort from his Manuſcript-copy of the other *Ethic Epiſtles*, are here inſerted at the bottom of the page, under the title of *Variations*.

The FOURTH Volume contains the *Satires*; with their *Prologue*, the *Epiſtle to Dr. Arbuthnot*; and *Epilogue*, the two poems intitled MDCCXXXVIII. The *Prologue* and *Epilogue* are here given with the like advantages as the *Ethic Epiſtles* in the foregoing Volume, that is to ſay, with the *Variations*, or additional verſes *from the* Author's Manuſcripts. The Epi-

logue

logue to the *Satires* is likewiſe inriched with many and large notes now firſt printed from the Author's own Manuſcript.

The FIFTH Volume contains a correcter and completer Edition of the *Dunciad* than hath been hitherto publiſhed; of which, at preſent I have only this further to add, That it was at my requeſt he laid the plan of a fourth Book. I often told him, It was pity ſo fine a poem ſhould remain diſgraced by the meanneſs of its ſubject, the moſt *inſignificant* of all Dunces, bad Rymers and malevolent Cavillers: That he ought to raiſe and enoble it by pointing his Satire againſt the moſt *pernicious* of all, Minute-philoſophers and Free-thinkers. I imagined, too, it was for the intereſts of Religion to have it known, that ſo great a Genius had a due abhorrence of theſe peſts of Virtue and Society. He came readily into my opinion; but, at the ſame time, told me it would create him many enemies. He was not miſtaken. For tho' the terror of his pen kept them for ſome time in reſpect, yet on his death they roſe with unreſtrained fury in numerous Coffee-houſe tales, and Grub-ſtreet libels. The plan of this admirable Satire was artfully contrived *to ſhew, that* the follies and defects of a

faſhion

faſhionable EDUCATION naturally led to, and neceſſarily ended in, FREE-THINKING; with deſign to point out the only remedy adequate to ſo fatal an evil. It was to advance the ſame ends of virtue and religion, that the Editor prevailed on him to alter every thing in his *moral writings* that might be ſuſpected of having the leaſt glance towards *Fate* or NATURALISM; and to add what was proper to convince the world, that he was warmly on the ſide of *moral Government* and a *revealed Will.* And it would be injuſtice to his memory not to declare that he embraced theſe occaſions with the moſt unfeigned pleaſure.

The SIXTH Volume conſiſts of Mr. Pope's miſcellaneous pieces in verſe and proſe. Amongſt the *Verſe* ſeveral fine poems make now their firſt appearance in his Works. And of the *Proſe*, all that is good, and nothing but what is exquiſitely ſo, will be found in this Edition.

The SEVENTH, EIGHTH, and NINTH Volumes conſiſt entirely of his *Letters.* The more valuable, as they are the only true models which we, or perhaps any of our neighbours have, of *familiar Epiſtles.* This collection is now made more com*plete by the* addition of ſeveral new pieces.

Yet, excepting a ſhort explanatory letter to Col. M. and the *Letters* to Mr. A. and Mr. W. (the latter of which are given to ſhew the Editor's inducements, and the engagements he was under, to intend the care of this Edition) excepting theſe, I ſay, the reſt are all here publiſhed from the Author's own printed tho' not publiſhed, copies delivered to the Editor.

On the whole, the Advantages of this Edition, above the preceding, are theſe, That it is the firſt complete collection which has ever been made of his original Writings; That all his principal poems, of early or later date, are here given to the public with his laſt corrections and improvements; That a great number of his verſes are here firſt printed from the Manuſcript copies of his principal poems of later date; That many new notes of the Author's are here added to his Poems; and, laſtly, that ſeveral pieces, both in proſe and verſe, make now their firſt appearance before the Public.

The Author's life deſerves a juſt Volume; and the Editor intends to give it. For to have been one of the firſt Poets in the world is but his ſecond praiſe. He was in a higher Claſs. He was one of *the nobleſt works of God*. He was an honeſt

neſt Man *. A Man, who alone poſſeſſed more real virtue than, in very corrupt times, needing a Satiriſt like him, will ſometimes fall to the ſhare of multitudes. In this hiſtory of his life †, will be contained a large account of his *writings*; a critique on the nature, force, and extent of his *genius*, exemplified from theſe writings; and a vindication of his *moral character* exemplified by his more diſtinguiſhed virtues; his filial piety, his diſintereſted friendſhips, his reverence for the conſtitution of his country, his love and admiration of VIRTUE, and (what was the neceſſary effect) his hatred and contempt of VICE, his extenſive charity to the indigent, his warm benevolence to mankind, his ſupreme veneration of the Deity, and, above all, his ſincere belief of Revelation. Nor ſhall his faults be concealed. It is not for the intereſts of his Virtues that they ſhould. Nor indeed could they be concealed if we were ſo minded, for they *ſhine* thro' his Virtues; no man being more a dupe to the ſpecious appearances of Virtue in others. In a

* "A wit's a feather, and a chief's a rod,
"An honeſt Man's the nobleſt work of God.

† It will be printed in the ſame form with this and *every future* edition of his works, ſo as to make a *part of them*.

word

word I mean not to be his Panegyriſt, but his Hiſtorian. And may I, when Envy and Calumny take the ſame advantage of my abſence (for, while I live, I will freely truſt it to my *Life* to confute them) may I find a Friend as careful of my honeſt fame as I have been of His! Together with his Works, he hath bequeathed me his DUNCES. So that as the property is transferred, I could wiſh they would now let his memory alone. The veil which Death draws over the Good is ſo ſacred, that to throw dirt upon the Shrine ſcandalizes even Barbarians. And though Rome permitted her Slaves to calumniate her beſt Citizens on the day of Triumph, yet the ſame petulancy at their Funeral would have been rewarded with execration and a gibbet.

N. B. This Edition of Mr. Pope's Works is printed verbatim from the large Octavo; with all his Notes, and a ſelect number of the Editor's.

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ERRATA.

Page 38. In the quotation from Virgil, l. 1. for *manuscula*, r. *munuscula*.
51. In the imitation, for *coloris*, r. *colonis*.
91. l. 43. for *geoerations*, r. *generations*.
110. Note, l. 6. for *modern*, r. *moderns*.
137. Note, l. 3. for *deserve*, r. *deserves*.
138. Note, l. 3. for *particularly*, r. *particularize*.
168. Note, l. 3. after 206. add, *Quarto Edition*.

PREFACE.

I AM inclined to think that both the writers of books, and the readers of them, are generally not a little unreaſonable in their expectations. The firſt ſeem to fancy that the world muſt approve whatever they produce, and the latter to imagine that authors are obliged to pleaſe them at any rate. Methinks, as on the one hand, no ſingle man is born with a right of controuling the opinions of all the reſt; ſo on the other, the world has no title to demand, that the whole care and time of any particular perſon ſhould be ſacrificed to its entertainment. Therefore I cannot but believe that writers and readers are under equal obligations, for as much fame, or pleaſure, as each affords the other.

Every one acknowledges, it would be a wild notion to expect perfection in any work of man: and yet one would think the contrary was taken for granted, by the judgment commonly paſt upon Poems. A Critic ſuppoſes he has done his part, if he proves a writer to have failed in an expreſſion, or erred in any particular point: and can it then be wondered at, if the Poets in general ſeem reſolved not to own themſelves in any error? For as long as one ſide will make no allowances, the other will be brought to no acknowledgments *.

* In the former editions it was thus — *For as long as one ſide deſpiſes a well meant endeavour, the other will not be ſatisfied with a moderate approbation.* — But the author altered it, as theſe words were rather a conſequence from the concluſion he would draw, than the *concluſion itſelf*, which he has now inſerted.

I am

I am afraid this extreme zeal on both ſides is ill-placed; Poetry and Criticiſm being by no means the univerſal concern of the world, but only the affair of idle men who write in their cloſets, and of idle men who read there.

Yet ſure upon the whole, a bad Author deſerves better uſage than a bad Critic: for a Writer's endeavour, for the moſt part, is to pleaſe his Readers, and he fails merely through the misfortune of an ill judgment; but ſuch a Critic's is to put them out of humor; a deſign he could never go upon without both that and an ill temper.

I think a good deal may be ſaid to extenuate the fault of bad poets. What we call a Genius, is hard to be diſtinguiſhed by a man himſelf, from a ſtrong inclination: and if his genius be ever ſo great, he cannot at firſt diſcover it any other way, than by giving way to that prevalent propenſity which renders him the more liable to be miſtaken. The only method he has, is to make the experiment by writing, and appealing to the judgment of others: now if he happens to write ill (which is certainly no ſin in itſelf) he is immediately made an object of ridicule. I wiſh we had the humanity to reflect that even the worſt authors might, in their endeavour to pleaſe us, deſerve ſomething at our hands. We have no cauſe to quarrel with them but for their obſtinacy in perſiſting to write; and this too may admit of alleviating circumſtances. Their particular friends may be either ignorant, or inſincere; and the reſt of the world in general is too well bred to ſhock them with a truth, which generally their Booksellers are the firſt that inform them of. This happens not till they have ſpent too much of their time, to apply to any profeſſion which might better fit their talents; and till ſuch talents as they have are ſo far diſcredited as to be but of ſmall ſervice to them. For (what is the hardeſt caſe imaginable)

the

the reputation of a man generally depends upon the firſt ſteps he makes in the world, and people will eſtabliſh their opinion of us, from what we do at that ſeaſon when we have leaſt judgment to direct us.

On the other hand, a good Poet no ſooner communicates his works with the ſame deſire of information, but it is imagined he is a vain young creature given up to the ambition of fame; when perhaps the poor man is all the while trembling with the fear of being ridiculous. If he is made to hope he may pleaſe the world, he falls under very unlucky circumſtances: for, from the moment he prints, he muſt expect to hear no more truth, than if he were a Prince, or a Beauty. If he has not very good ſenſe (and indeed there are twenty men of wit, for one man of ſenſe) his living thus in a courſe of flattery may put him in no ſmall danger of becoming a Coxcomb: if he has, he will conſequently have ſo much diffidence as not to reap any great ſatisfaction from his praiſe; ſince, if it be given to his face, it can ſcarce be diſtinguiſhed from flattery, and if in his abſence, it is hard to be certain of it. Were he ſure to be commended by the beſt and moſt knowing, he is as ſure of being envied by the worſt and moſt ignorant, which are the majority; for it is with a fine Genius as with a fine faſhion, all thoſe are diſpleaſed at it who are not able to follow it: and it is to be feared that eſteem will ſeldom do any man ſo much good, as ill-will does him harm. Then there is a third claſs of people who make the largeſt part of mankind, thoſe of ordinary or indifferent capacities; and theſe (to a man) will hate, or ſuſpect him: a hundred honeſt Gentlemen will dread him as a Wit, and a hundred innocent Women as a Satiriſt. In a word, whatever be his fate in Poetry, it is ten to one but he muſt give up all the reaſonable aims of life for it. There are indeed ſome *advantages* accruing from a Genius to

Poetry, and they are all I can think of: the agreeable power of ſelf-amuſement when a man is idle or alone; the privilege of being admitted into the beſt company; and the freedom of ſaying as many careleſs things as other people, without being ſo ſeverely remarked upon.

I believe, if any one, early in his life, ſhould contemplate the dangerous fate of authors, he would ſcarce be of their number on any conſideration. The life of a Wit is a warfare upon earth; and the preſent ſpirit of the learned world is ſuch, that to attempt to ſerve it (any way) one muſt have the conſtancy of a martyr, and a reſolution to ſuffer for its ſake. I could wiſh people would believe what I am pretty certain they will not, that I have been much leſs concerned about Fame than I durſt declare till this occaſion, when methinks I ſhould find more credit than I could heretofore: ſince my writings have had their fate already, and it is too late to think of prepoſſeſſing the reader in their favour. I would plead it as ſome merit in me, that the world has never been prepared for theſe Trifles by Prefaces, byaſſed by recommendations, dazled with the names of great patrons, wheedled with fine reaſons and pretences, or troubled with excuſes. I confeſs it was want of conſideration that made me an author; I writ becauſe it amuſed me; I corrected becauſe it was as pleaſant to me to correct as to write; and I publiſhed becauſe I was told I might pleaſe ſuch as it was a credit to pleaſe. To what degree I have done this I am really ignorant; I had too much fondneſs for my productions to judge of them at firſt, and too much judgment to be pleaſed with them at laſt. But I have reaſon to think they can have no reputation which will continue long, or which deſerves to do ſo: for they have always fallen ſhort not only of what I read of others, but even of my own Ideas of *Poetry*.

If any one ſhould imagine I am not in earneſt, I deſire him to reflect, that the Ancients (to ſay the leaſt of them) had as much Genius as we: and that to take more pains, and employ more time, cannot fail to produce more compleat pieces. They conſtantly apply'd themſelves not only to that art, but to that ſingle branch of an art, to which their talent was moſt powerfully bent; and it was the buſineſs of their lives to correct and finiſh their works for poſterity. If we can pretend to have uſed the ſame induſtry, let us expect the ſame immortality: Tho' if we took the ſame care, we ſhould ſtill lie under a farther misfortune: they writ in languages that became univerſal and everlaſting, while ours are extremely limited both in extent and in duration. A mighty foundation for our pride! when the utmoſt we can hope, is but to be read in one Iſland, and to be thrown aſide at the end of one Age.

All that is left us is to recommend our productions by the imitation of the Ancients: and it will be found true, that, in every age, the higheſt character for ſenſe and learning has been obtained by thoſe who have been moſt indebted to them. For, to ſay truth, whatever is very good ſenſe, muſt have been common ſenſe in all times; and what we call Learning, is but the knowledge of the ſenſe of our predeceſſors. Therefore they who ſay our thoughts are not our own, becauſe they reſemble the Ancients, may as well ſay our faces are not our own, becauſe they are like our Fathers: And indeed it is very unreaſonable, that people ſhould expect us to be Scholars, and yet be angry to find us ſo.

I fairly confeſs that I have ſerved myſelf all I could by reading; that I made uſe of the judgment of authors dead and living; that I omitted no means in my power to be informed of my errors, both by my friends and enemies: But the true reaſon theſe pieces are not *more correct*, is owing to the conſideration

how ſhort a time they, and I, have to live: One may be aſhamed to conſume half one's days in bringing ſenſe and rhyme together; and what Critic can be ſo unreaſonable, as not to leave a man time enough for any more ſerious employment, or more agreeable amuſement?

The only plea I ſhall uſe for the favour of the public, is, that I have as great a reſpect for it, as moſt authors have for themſelves; and that I have ſacrificed much of my own ſelf-love for its ſake, in preventing not only many mean things from ſeeing the light, but many which I thought tolerable. I would not be like thoſe Authors, who forgive themſelves ſome particular lines for the ſake of a whole Poem, and *vice verſa* a whole Poem for the ſake of ſome particular lines. I believe no one qualification is ſo likely to make a good writer, as the power of rejecting his own thoughts; and it muſt be this (if any thing) that can give me a chance to be one. For what I have publiſhed, I can only hope to be pardoned; but for what I have burned, I deſerve to be praiſed. On this account the world is under ſome obligation to me, and owes me the juſtice in return, to look upon no verſes as mine that are not inſerted in this collection. And perhaps nothing could make it worth my while to own what are really ſo, but to avoid the imputation of ſo many dull and immoral things, as partly by malice, and partly by ignorance, have been aſcribed to me. I muſt farther acquit myſelf of the preſumption of having lent my name to recommend any Miſcellanies, or Works of other men; a thing I never thought becoming a perſon who has hardly credit enough to anſwer for his own.

In this office of collecting my pieces, I am altogether uncertain, whether to look upon myſelf as a man building a monument, or burying the dead.

If

If Time ſhall make it the former, may theſe Poems (as long as they laſt) remain as a teſtimony, that their Author never made his talents ſubſervient to the mean and unworthy ends of Party or Self-intereſt; the gratification of public prejudices, or private paſſions; the flattery of the undeſerving, or the inſult of the unfortunate. If I have written well, let it be conſidered that 'tis what no man can do without good ſenſe, a quality that not only renders one capable of being a good writer, but a good man. And if I have made any acquiſition in the opinion of any one under the notion of the former, let it be continued to me under no other title than that of the latter.

But if this publication be only a more ſolemn funeral of my Remains, I deſire it may be known that I die in charity, and in my ſenſes; without any murmurs againſt the juſtice of this age, or any mad appeals to poſterity. I declare I ſhall think the world in the right, and quietly ſubmit to every truth which time ſhall diſcover to the prejudice of theſe writings; not ſo much as wiſhing ſo irrational a thing, as that every body ſhould be deceived merely for my credit. However, I deſire it may then be conſider'd, That there are very few things in this collection which were not written under the age of five and twenty: ſo that my youth may be made (as it never fails to be in Executions) a caſe of compaſſion. That I was never ſo concern'd about my works as to vindicate them in print, believing if any thing was good it would defend itſelf, and what was bad could never be defended. That I uſed no artifice to raiſe or continue a reputation, depreciated no dead author I was obliged to, brib'd no living one with unjuſt praiſe, inſulted no adverſary with ill language; or when I could not attack a Rival's works, encouraged reports againſt his Morals. To conclude, if this volume periſh, let it ſerve as a warn-

warning to the Critics, not to take too much p
for the future to deſtroy ſuch things as will die
themſelves; and a *Memento mori* to ſome of my
cotemporaries the Poets, to teach them that, w
real merit is wanting, it avails nothing to have b
encouraged by the great, commended by the e
nent, and favour'd by the public in general.

Nov. 10, 1716.

Variations in the Author's Manuſcript Preface.

AFTER *pag.* iv. l. 6. *it followed thus* — For my part, I confeſs, had I ſeen things in this view at firſt, the public had never been troubled either with my writings, or with this apology for them. I am ſenſible how difficult it is to ſpeak of ones ſelf with decency: but when a man muſt ſpeak of himſelf, the beſt way is to ſpeak truth of himſelf, or, he may depend upon it, others will do it for him. I'll therefore make this preface a general confeſſion of all my thoughts of my own Poetry, reſolving with the ſame freedom to expoſe myſelf, as it is in the power of any other to expoſe them. In the firſt place I thank God and nature, that I was born with a love to poetry; for nothing more conduces to fill up all the intervals of our time, or, if rightly uſed, to make the whole courſe of life entertaining: *Cantantes licet uſque (minus via lædet.)* 'Tis a vaſt happineſs to poſſeſs the pleaſures of the head, the only pleaſures in which a man is ſufficient to himſelf, and the only part of him which, to his ſatisfaction, he can employ all day long. The Muſes are *amicæ omnium horarum*; and, like our gay acquaintance, the beſt company in the world as long as one expects no real ſervice from them. I confeſs there was a time when I was in love with myſelf, and my firſt productions were the children of ſelf love upon innocence. I had made an Epic Poem, and Panegyrics on all the Princes in Europe, and thought myſelf the greateſt genius that ever was. I can't but regret thoſe delightful viſions of my childhood, which, like the fine colours we ſee when our *eyes are ſhut*, are vaniſhed for ever. *Many tryals and ſad* experience have ſo undeceived me by

by degrees, that I am utterly at a loſs at what rate to value myſelf. As for fame I ſhall be glad of any I can get, and not repine at any I miſs; and as for vanity, I have enough to keep me from hanging myſelf, or even from wiſhing thoſe hanged who would take it away. It was this that made me write. The ſenſe of my faults made me correct: beſides that it was as pleaſant to me to correct as to write.

At p. v. *l.* 32. In the firſt place I own that I have uſed my beſt endeavours to the finiſhing theſe pieces. That I made what advantage I could of the judgment of authors dead and living; and that I omitted no means in my power to be informed of my errors by my friends and by my enemies. And that I expect no favour on account of my youth, buſineſs, want of health, or any ſuch idle excuſes. But the true reaſon they are not yet more correct is owing to the conſideration how ſhort a time they and I have to live. A man that can expect but ſixty years may be aſhamed to employ thirty in meaſuring ſyllables and bringing ſenſe and rhime together. We ſpend our youth in purſuit of riches or fame, in hopes to enjoy them when we are old; and when we are old, we find it is too late to enjoy any thing. I therefore hope the Wits will pardon me, if I reſerve ſome of my time to ſave my ſoul; and that *ſome* wiſe men will be of my opinion, even if I ſhould think a part of it better ſpent in the enjoyments of life than in pleaſing the critics.

On Mr. POPE and his *Poems*,

By His GRACE

JOHN SHEFFIELD,

Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

WITH Age decay'd, with Courts and bus'neſs tir'd,
Caring for nothing but what Eaſe requir'd;
Too dully ſerious for the Muſe's ſport,
And from the Critics ſafe arriv'd in Port;
I little thought of launching forth agen,
Amidſt advent'rous Rovers of he Pen;
And after ſo much undeſerv'd ſucceſs,
Thus hazarding at laſt to make itl ſs.
Encomiums ſuit not this cenſorious time,
Itſelf a ſubject for ſatiric rhyme;
Ignorance honour'd, Wit and Worth defam'd,
Folly triumphant, and ev'n *Homer* blam'd!
But to this Genius, join'd with ſo much Art,
Such various Learning mix'd in ev'ry part,
Poets are bound a loud applauſe to pay;
Apollo bids it, and they muſt obey.
And yet ſo wonderful, ſublime a thing,
As the great ILIAD, ſcarce could make me ſing;
Except I juſtly could at once commend
A good Companion, and as firm a Friend.

One moral, or a mere well-natur'd deed
Can all defert in Sciences exceed.
'Tis great delight to laugh at ſome mens ways,
But a much greater to give Merit praiſe.

To Mr. POPE, on his *Paſtorals.*

IN theſe more dull, as more cenſorious days,
When few dare give, and fewer merit praiſe,
A Muſe ſincere, that never Flatt'ry knew,
Pays what to friendſhip and deſert is due.
Young, yet judicious; in your verſe are found
Art ſtrength'ning Nature, Senſe improv'd by Sound.
Unlike thoſe Wits, whoſe numbers glide along
So ſmooth, no thought e'er interrupts the ſong:
Laboriouſly enervate they appear,
And write not to the head, but to the ear:
Our minds unmov'd and unconcern'd they lull,
And are at beſt moſt muſically dull;
So purling ſtreams with even murmurs creep,
And huſh the heavy hearers into ſleep.
As ſmootheſt ſpeech is moſt deceitful ſound,
The ſmootheſt numbers oft are empty ſound.
But Wit and Judgment join at once in you,
Sprightly as Youth, as Age conſummate too:
Your ſtrains are regularly bold, and pleaſe
With unforc'd care, and unaffected eaſe,
With proper thoughts, and lively images:
Such as by Nature to the Ancients ſhown,
Fancy improves, and judgment makes your own:

For

For great mens faſhions to be followed are,
Altho' diſgraceful 'tis their clothes to wear.
Some in a poliſh'd ſtyle write Paſtoral,
Arcadia ſpeaks the language of the *Mall*;
Like ſome fair Shepherdeſs, the Sylvan Muſe,
Should wear thoſe flow'rs her native fields produce;
And the true meaſure of the ſhepherd's wit
Should, like his garb, be for the Country fit:
Yet muſt his pure and unaffected thought
More nicely than the common ſwain's be wrought.
So, with becoming art, the Players dreſs
In ſilks the ſhepherd, and the ſhepherdeſs;
Yet ſtill unchang'd the form and mode remain,
Shap'd like the homely ruſſet of the ſwain.
Your rural Muſe appears to juſtify
The long loſt graces of Simplicity:
So rural beauties captivate our ſenſe
With virgin charms, and native excellence.
Yet long her Modeſty thoſe charms conceal'd,
'Till by mens Envy to the world reveal'd;
For Wits induſtrious to their trouble ſeem,
And needs will envy what they muſt eſteem.
Live and enjoy their ſpite! nor mourn that fate,
Which would, if *Virgil* liv'd, on *Virgil* wait;
Whoſe Muſe did once, like thine, in plains delight;
Thine ſhall, like his, ſoon take a higher flight;
So Larks, which firſt from lowly fields ariſe,
Mount by degrees, and reach at laſt the ſkies.

W. WYCHERLEY.

To Mr. POPE, on his *Windſor-Foreſt.*

HAIL, ſacred Bard! a Muſe unknown before
Salutes thee from the bleak *Atlantic* ſhore.
To our dark world thy ſhining page is ſhown,
And *Windſor's* gay retreat becomes our own:
The Eaſtern pomp had juſt beſpoke our care,
And *India* pour'd her gaudy treaſures here:
A various ſpoil adorn'd our naked land,
The pride of *Perſia* glitter'd on our ſtrand,
And *China's* Earth was caſt on common ſand:
Toſs'd up and down the gloſſy fragments lay,
And dreſs'd the rocky ſhelves, and pav'd the painted bay,
Thy treaſures next arriv'd, and now we boaſt
A nobler cargo on our barren coaſt:
From thy luxuriant Foreſt we receive
More laſting glories than the Eaſt can give.
Where-e'er we dip in thy delightful page,
What pompous ſcenes our buſy thoughts engage!
The pompous ſcenes in all their pride appear,
Freſh in the page, as in the grove they were.
Nor half ſo true the fair *Lodona* ſhows
The ſylvan ſtate that on her border grows,
While ſhe the wond'ring ſhepherd entertains
With a new *Windſor* in her wat'ry plains;
Thy juſter lays the lucid wave ſurpaſs,
The living ſcene is in the Muſe's glaſs.
Nor ſweeter notes the echoing Foreſts chear,
When *Philomela* fits and warbles there,

Than when you ſing the greens and op'ning glades,
And give us Harmony as well as Shades:
A *Titian's* hand might draw the grove, but you
Can paint the grove, and add the Muſic too.
With vaſt variety thy pages ſhine;
A new creation ſtarts in ev'ry line.
How ſudden trees riſe to the reader's ſight,
And make a doubtful ſcene of ſhade and light,
And give at once the day, at once the night!
And here again what ſweet confuſion reigns,
In dreary deſerts mix'd with painted plains!
And ſee! the deſerts caſt a pleaſing gloom,
And ſhrubby heaths rejoice in purple bloom:
Whilſt fruitful crops riſe by their barren ſide,
And bearded groves diſplay their annual pride:
Happy the man, who ſtrings his tuneful lyre,
Where woods, and brooks, and breathing fields inſpire!
Thrice happy you! and worthy beſt to dwell
Amidſt the rural joys you ſing ſo well.
I in a cold, and in a barren clime,
Cold as my thought, and barren as my rhyme,
Here on the Weſtern beach attempt to chime.
O joyleſs flood! O rough tempeſtuous main!
Border'd with weeds, and ſolitudes obſcene!
Snatch me, ye Gods! from theſe *Atlantic* ſhores,
And ſhelter me in *Windſor's* fragrant bow'rs;
Or to my much lov'd *Iſis'* walks convey,
And on her flow'ry banks for ever lay.
Thence let me view the venerable ſcene,
The awful dome, the groves eternal green:

Where

Where ſacred *Hough* long found his fam'd retreat,
And brought the Muſes to the ſylvan ſeat,
Reform'd the wits, unlock'd the Claſſic ſtore,
And made that Muſic which was noiſe before.
There with illuſtrious Bards I ſpent my days,
Nor free from cenſure, nor unknown to praiſe,
Enjoy'd the bleſſings that his reign beſtow'd,
Nor envy'd *Windſor* in the ſoft abode.
The golden minutes ſmoothly danc'd away,
And tuneful Bards beguil'd the tedious day:
They ſung, nor ſung in vain, with numbers fir'd
That *Maro* taught, or *Addiſon* inſpir'd.
Even I eſſay'd to touch the trembling ſtring;
Who could hear them, and not attempt to ſing?
Rouz'd from theſe dreams by thy commanding ſtrain,
I riſe, and wander thro' the field or plain;
Led by the Muſe from ſport to ſport I run,
Mark the ſtretch'd line, or hear the thund'ring gun.
Ah! how I melt with pity, when I ſpy
On the cold earth the flutt'ring Pheaſant lie;
His gaudy robes in dazling lines appear,
And every feather ſhines and varies there.
Nor can I paſs the gen'rous courſer by,
But while the prancing ſteed allures my eye,
He ſtarts, he's gone! and now I ſee him fly
O'er hills and dales, and now I loſe the courſe,
Nor can the rapid ſight purſue the flying horſe.
Oh cou'd thy *Virgil* from his orb look down,
He'd view a courſer that might match his own!
Fir'd with the ſport, and eager for the chace,
Ledina's murmurs ſtop me in the race.

Who

Who can refuſe *Leda*'s melting tale?
The ſoft complaint ſhall over time prevail;
The tale be told, when ſhades forſake her ſhore,
The Nymph be ſung, when ſhe can flow no more.
Nor ſhall thy ſong, old *Thames!* forbear to ſhine,
At once the ſubject and the ſong divine:
Peace, ſung by thee, ſhall pleaſe ev'n *Britons* more
Than all their ſhouts for Victory before.
Oh! could *Britannia* imitate thy ſtream,
The world ſhould tremble at her awful name:
From various ſprings divided waters glide,
In diff'rent colours roll a diff'rent tyde,
Murmur along their crooked banks awhile,
At once they murmur and enrich the Iſle,
A while diſtinct thro' many channels run,
But meet at laſt, and ſweetly flow in one;
There joy to loſe their long-diſtinguiſh'd names,
And make one glorious and immortal *Thames*.

FR. KNAPP.

To Mr. POPE,

In Imitation of a Greek Epigram on HOMER.

WHEN *Phœbus*, and the nine harmonious maids,
Of old aſſembled in the *Theſpian* ſhades;
What theme, they cry'd, what high immortal air,
Befit theſe harps to ſound, and thee to hear?
Reply'd the God; "Your loftieſt notes employ,
"To ſing young *Peleus*, and the fall of Troy."

The

The wond'rous ſong with rapture they rehearſe;
Then aſk who wrought that miracle of verſe?
He anſwer'd with a frown; "I now reveal
"A truth, that Envy bids me not conceal:
"Retiring frequent to this Laureat vale,
"I warbled to the Lyre that fav'rite tale,
"Which, unobſerv'd, a wand'ring *Greek* and blind,
"Heard me repeat, and treaſur'd in his mind;
"And fir'd with thirſt of more than mortal praiſe,
"From me, the God of Wit, uſurp'd the bays.
"But let vain *Greece* indulge her growing fame,
"Proud with celeſtial ſpoils to grace her name;
"Yet when my Arts ſhall triumph in the Weſt,
"And the white Iſle with female pow'r is bleſt;
"Fame, I foreſee, will make repriſals there,
"And the Tranſlator's Palm to me transfer.
"With leſs regret my claim I now decline,
"The World will think his *Engliſh Iliad* mine."

E. FENTON.

To Mr. POPE.

TO praiſe, and ſtill with juſt reſpect to praiſe
A Bard triumphant in immortal bays,
The Learn'd to ſhow, the Senſible commend,
Yet ſtill preſerve the province of the Friend;
What life, what vigour muſt the lines require?
What Muſic tune them, what Affection fire?
O might thy Genius in my boſom ſhine;
Thou ſhould'ſt not fail of numbers worthy thine;

The

The brighteſt Ancients might at once agree
To ſing within my lays, and ſing of thee.
Horace himſelf would own thou doſt excell
In candid arts to play the Critic well.
Ovid himſelf might wiſh to ſing the Dame
Whom Windſor Foreſt ſees a gliding ſtream:
On ſilver feet, with annual Oſier crown'd,
She runs for ever thro' Poetic ground.
How flame the glories of Belinda's Hair,
Made by thy Muſe the Envy of the Fair?
Leſs ſhone the treſſes Ægypt's Princeſs wore,
Which ſweet Callimachus ſo ſung before.
Here courtly trifles ſet the world at odds;
Belles war with Beaux, and Whims deſcend for Gods.
The new Machines, in names of ridicule,
Mock the grave phrenzy of the Chemic fool.
But know, ye Fair, a point conceal'd with art,
The Sylphs and Gnomes are but a Woman's heart.
The Graces ſtand in ſight; a Satire-train
Peeps o'er their head, and laughs behind the ſcene.
In Fame's fair Temple, o'er the boldeſt wits
Inſhrin'd on high the ſacred Virgil ſits;
And ſits in meaſures ſuch as Virgil's Muſe
To place thee near him, might be fond to chuſe.
How might he tune th' alternate reed with thee,
Perhaps a Strephon thou, a Daphnis he;
While ſome old Damon, o'er the vulgar wiſe,
Thinks he deſerves, and thou deſerv'ſt the Prize.
Rapt with the thought, my fancy ſeeks the plains,
And turns me ſhepherd while I hear the ſtrains.
Indulgent nurſe of ev'ry tender gale,
Parent of flowrets, old Arcadia, hail!

Here

Here in the cool my limbs at eaſe I ſpread;
Here let thy poplars whiſper o'er my head:
Still ſlide thy waters, ſoft among the trees,
Thy aſpins quiver in a breathing breeze!
Smile, all ye valleys, in eternal ſpring,
Be huſh'd, ye winds, while Pope and Virgil ſing.
In Engliſh lays, and all ſublimely great,
Thy Homer warms with all his ancient heat;
He ſhines in Council, thunders in the Fight,
And flames with ev'ry ſenſe of great delight.
Long has that Poet reign'd, and long unknown,
Like Monarchs ſparkling on a diſtant throne;
In all the Majeſty of Greek retir'd,
Himſelf unknown, his mighty name admir'd;
His language failing, wrapt him round with night;
Thine, rais'd by thee, recalls the work to light.
So wealthy Mines, that ages long before
Fed the large realms around with golden Ore,
When choak'd by ſinking banks, no more appear,
And ſhepherds only ſay, *The mines were here:*
Should ſome rich youth (if nature warm his heart,
And all his projects ſtand inform'd with art)
Here clear the caves, there ope the leading vein;
The mines detected flame with gold again
How vaſt, how copious, are thy new deſigns!
How ev'ry Muſic varies in thy lines!
Still, as I read, I feel my boſom beat,
And riſe in raptures by another's heat.
Thus in the wood, when ſummer dreſs'd the days,
While Windſor lent us tuneful hours of eaſe,
Our ears the lark, the thruſh, the turtle bleſt,
And Philomela ſweeteſt o'er the reſt:

The

The ſhades reſound with ſong — O ſoftly tread,
While a whole ſeaſon warbles round my head.
This to my Friend—and when a friend inſpires,
My ſilent harp its maſter's hand requires,
Shakes off the duſt, and makes theſe rocks reſound;
For fortune plac'd me in unfertile ground:
Far from the joys that with my ſoul agree,
From wit, from learning—very far from thee.
Here moſs-grown trees expand the ſmalleſt leaf;
Here half an acre's corn is half a ſheaf;
Here hills with naked heads the tempeſt meet,
Rocks at their ſides, and torrents at their feet;
Or lazy lakes unconſcious of a flood,
Whoſe dull brown Naiads ever ſleep in mud.
Yet here Content can dwell, and learned Eaſe,
A Friend delight me, and an Author pleaſe;
Ev'n here I ſing, when POPE ſupplies the theme,
Shew my own love, tho' not increaſe his fame.

T. PARNELL.

To Mr. POPE.

LET vulgar ſouls triumphal arches raiſe,
Or ſpeaking marbles, to record their praiſe;
And picture (to the voice of Fame unknown)
The mimic Feature on the breathing ſtone;
Mere mortals; ſubject to death's total ſway,
Reptiles of earth, and beings of a day!

'Tis thine, on ev'ry heart to grave thy praiſe,
A monument which Worth alone can raiſe;
Sure to ſurvive, when time ſhall whelm in duſt
The arch, the marble, and the mimic buſt:
Nor 'till the volumes of th' expanded ſky
Blaze in one flame, ſhalt thou and Homer die:
Then ſink together in the world's laſt fires,
What heav'n created, and what heav'n inſpires.
If aught on earth, when once this breath is fled,
With human tranſport touch the mighty dead,
Shakeſpear, rejoice! his hand thy page refines;
Now ev'ry ſcene with native brightneſs ſhines;
Juſt to thy Fame, he gives thy genuine thought;
So Tully publiſh'd what Lucretius wrote;
Prun'd by his care, thy laurels loftier grow,
And bloom afreſh on thy immortal brow.
Thus when thy draughts, O Raphael! time invades,
And the bold figure from the canvaſs fades,
A rival hand recalls from ev'ry part
Some latent grace, and equals art with art;
Tranſported we ſurvey the dubious ſtrife,
While each fair image ſtarts again to life.
How long, untun'd, had Homer's ſacred lyre
Jarr'd grating diſcord, all extinct his fire?
This you beheld; and taught by heav'n to ſing,
Call'd the loud muſic from the ſounding ſtring.
Now wak'd from ſlumbers of three thouſand years,
Once more Achilles in dread pomp appears,
Tow'rs o'er the field of death; as fierce he turns,
Keen flaſh his arms, and all the Hero burns;

With martial ſtalk, and more than mortal might,
He ſtrides along, and meets the Gods in ſight:
Then the pale Titans, chain'd on burning floors,
Start at the din that rends th' infernal ſhores,
Tremble the tow'rs of Heav'n, earth rocks her coaſts,
And gloomy Pluto ſhakes with all his ghoſts.
To ev'ry theme reſponds thy various lay;
Here rolls a torrent, there Meanders play;
Sonorous as the ſtorm thy numbers riſe,
Toſs the wild waves, and thunder in the ſkies;
Or ſofter than a yielding virgin's ſigh,
The gentle breezes breathe away and die.
Thus, like the radiant God who ſheds the day,
You paint the vale, or gild the azure way;
And while with ev'ry theme the verſe complies,
Sink without groveling, without raſhneſs riſe.
Proceed, great Bard! awake th' harmonious ſtring,
Be ours all Homer! ſtill Ulyſſes ſing.
How long * that Hero, by unſkilful hands,
Strip'd of his robes, a Beggar trod our lands?
Such as he wander'd o'er his native coaſt,
Shrunk by the wand, and all the warrior loſt:
O'er his ſmooth ſkin a bark of wrinkles ſpread;
Old age diſgrac'd the honours of his head;
Nor longer in his heavy eye-ball ſhin'd
The glance divine, forth-beaming from the mind.
But you, like Pallas, ev'ry limb infold
With royal robes, and bid him ſhine in gold;
Touch'd by your hand, his manly frame improves
With grace divine, and like a God he moves.

* *Odyſſey*, lib. xvi.

Ev'n I, the meaneſt of the Muſe's train,
Inflam'd by thee, attempt a nobler ſtrain;
Advent'rous waken the Mæonian lyre,
Tun'd by your hand, and ſing as you inſpire:
So arm'd by great Achilles for the fight,
Patroclus conquer'd in Achilles' right:
Like theirs, our Friendſhip! and I boaſt my name
To thine united — for thy Friendſhip's Fame.
This labour paſt, of heav'nly ſubjects ſing,
While hov'ring angels liſten on the wing,
To hear from earth ſuch heart-felt raptures riſe,
As, when they ſing, ſuſpended hold the ſkies:
Or nobly riſing in fair Virtue's cauſe,
From thy own life tranſcribe th' unerring laws:
Teach a bad world beneath her ſway to bend;
To verſe like thine fierce ſavages attend,
And men more fierce: when Orpheus tunes the lay,
Ev'n fiends relenting hear their rage away.

W. BROOME.

To Mr. POPE,

On the publiſhing his WORKS.

HE comes, he comes! bid ev'ry Bard prepare
The ſong of triumph, and attend his Car.
Great Sheffield's Muſe the long proceſſion heads,
And throws a luſtre o'er the pomp ſhe leads,
Firſt gives the Palm ſhe fir'd him to obtain,
Crowns his gay brow, and ſhews him how to reign.

Thus young Alcides, by old Chiron taught,
Was form'd for all the miracles he wrought:
Thus Chiron did the youth he taught applaud,
Pleas'd to behold the carneſt of a God.
But hark what ſhouts, what gath'ring crouds rejoice!
Unſtain'd their praiſe by any venal voice,
Such as th'Ambitious vainly think their due,
When Proſtitutes, or needy Flatt'rers ſue.
And ſee the Chief! before him laurels born;
Trophies from undeſerving temples torn;
Here Rage enchain'd reluctant raves, and there
Pale Envy dumb, and ſick'ning with deſpair,
Prone to the earth ſhe bends her loathing eye,
Weak to ſupport the blaze of majeſty.
But what are they that turn the ſacred page?
Three lovely Virgins, and of equal age;
Intent they read, and all enamour'd ſeem,
As he that met his likeneſs in the ſtream:
The GRACES theſe; and ſee how they contend,
Who moſt ſhall praiſe, who beſt ſhall recommend.
The Chariot now the painful ſteep aſcends,
The Pæans ceaſe; thy glorious labour ends.
Here fix'd, the bright eternal temple ſtands,
Its proſpect an unbounded view commands:
Say, wond'rous youth, what Column wilt thou chuſe,
What laurell'd Arch for thy triumphant Muſe?
Tho' each great Ancient court thee to his ſhrine,
Though ev'ry Laurel thro' the dome be thine,
(From the proud Epic, down to thoſe that ſhade
The gentler brow of the ſoft Leſbian maid)

Go to the Good and Juſt, an awful train,
Thy ſoul's delight, and glory of the Fane:
While thro' the earth thy dear remembrance flies,
" Sweet to the World, and grateful to the ſkies."

SIMON HARCOURT.

To Mr. POPE.

From Rome, 1730.

IMmortal Bard! for whom each Muſe has wove
The faireſt garlands of th'Aonian Grove;
Preſerv'd, our drooping Genius to reſtore,
When Addiſon and Congreve are no more;
After ſo many ſtars extinct in night,
The darken'd Age's laſt remaining light!
To thee from Latian realms this verſe is writ,
Inſpir'd by memory of ancient Wit;
For now no more theſe climes their influence boaſt,
Fall'n is their Glory, and their Virtue loſt;
From Tyrants, and from Prieſts, the Muſes fly,
Daughters of Reaſon and of Liberty.
Nor Baiæ now, nor Umbria's plain they love,
Nor on the banks of Nar, or Mincio rove;
To Thames's flow'ry borders they retire,
And kindle in thy breaſt the Roman fire.
So in the ſhades, where chear'd with ſummer rays
Melodious linnets warbled ſprightly lays,
Soon as the faded, falling leaves complain
Of gloomy winter's unauſpicious reign,

No tuneful voice is heard of joy or love,
But mournful ſilence ſaddens all the grove.
Unhappy Italy! whoſe alter'd ſtate
Has felt the worſt ſeverity of Fate:
Not that Barbarian hands her Faſces broke,
And bow'd her haughty neck beneath their yoke;
Nor that her palaces to earth are thrown,
Her cities deſart, and her fields unſown;
But that her ancient Spirit is decay'd,
That ſacred Wiſdom from her bounds is fled,
That there the ſource of Science flows no more,
Whence its rich ſtreams ſupply'd the world before.
Illuſtrious Names! that once in Latium ſhin'd,
Born to inſtruct, and to command Mankind;
Chiefs, by whoſe Virtue mighty Rome was rais'd,
And Poets, who thoſe chiefs ſublimely prais'd!
Oft I the traces you have left explore,
Your aſhes viſit, and your urns adore;
Oft kiſs, with lips devout, ſome mould'ring ſtone,
With ivy's venerable ſhade o'ergrown;
Thoſe hallow'd ruins better pleas'd to ſee
Than all the pomp of modern Luxury.
As late on Virgil's tomb freſh flow'rs I ſtrow'd,
While with th' inſpiring Muſe my boſom glow'd,
Crown'd with eternal bays my raviſh'd eyes
Beheld the Poet's awful Form ariſe:
Stranger, he ſaid, whoſe pious hand has paid
Theſe grateful rites to my attentive ſhade,
When thou ſhalt breathe thy happy native air,
To Pope this meſſage from his Maſter bear:
Great Bard, whoſe numbers I myſelf inſpire,
To whom I gave my own harmonious lyre,

If high exalted on the Throne of Wit,
Near Me and Homer thou aſpire to ſit,
No more let meaner Satire dim the rays
That flow majeſtic from thy nobler Bays;
In all the flow'ry paths of Pindus ſtray,
But ſhun that thorny, that unpleaſing way;
Nor, when each ſoft engaging Muſe is thine,
Addreſs the leaſt attractive of the Nine.

Of thee more worthy were the taſk, to raiſe
A laſting Column to thy Country's Praiſe,
To ſing the Land, which yet alone can boaſt
That Liberty corrupted Rome has loſt;
Where Science in the arms of Peace is laid,
And plants her Palm beneath the Olive's ſhade.
Such was the Theme for which my lyre I ſtrung,
Such was the People whoſe exploits I ſung;
Brave, yet refin'd, for Arms and Arts renown'd,
With diff'rent bays by Mars and Phœbus crown'd,
Dauntleſs oppoſers of Tyrannic Sway,
But pleas'd, a mild AUGUSTUS to obey.

If theſe commands ſubmiſſive thou receive,
Immortal and unblam'd thy name ſhall live;
Envy to black Cocytus ſhall retire,
And howl with Furies in tormenting fire;
Approving Time ſhall conſecrate thy Lays,
And join the Patriot's to the Poet's Praiſe.

GEORGE LYTTELTON.

PASTORALS,

WITH A

Diſcourſe on PASTORAL.

Written in the Year MDCCIV.

Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,
Flumina amem, ſylvaſque, inglorius! VIRG.

A

DISCOURSE

ON

PASTORAL POETRY*.

THERE are not, I believe, a greater number of any ſort of verſes than of thoſe which are called Paſtorals; nor a ſmaller, than of thoſe which are truly ſo. It therefore ſeems neceſſary to give ſome account of this kind of Poem, and it is my deſign to comprize in this ſhort paper the ſubſtance of thoſe numerous diſſertations the Critics have made on the ſubject, without omitting any of their rules in my own favour. You will alſo find ſome points reconciled, about which they ſeem to differ, and a few remarks, which, I think, have eſcaped their obſervation.

The original of Poetry is aſcribed to that Age which ſucceeded the creation of the world: and as the keeping of flocks ſeems to have been the firſt employment of mankind, the moſt ancient ſort of poetry was probably *paſtoral*†. It is natural to imagine, that the leiſure of thoſe ancient ſhepherds admitting and inviting ſome diverſion, none was ſo proper to that ſolitary and ſedentary life as ſinging; and that in their ſongs they took occaſion to celebrate their own felicity. From hence a Poem was in-

* *Written at ſixteen years of age.* P.

† *Fontenelle's Diſc. on Paſtorals.* P.

 vented,

vented, and afterwards improved to a perfect image of that happy time; which by giving us an eſteem for the virtues of a former age, might recommend them to the preſent. And ſince the life of ſhepherds was attended with more tranquillity than any other rural employment, the Poets choſe to introduce their Perſons, from whom it received the name of Paſtoral.

A Paſtoral is an imitation of the action of a ſhepherd, or one conſidered under that character. The form of this imitation is dramatic, or narrative, or mixed of both *; the fable ſimple, the manners not too polite nor too ruſtic: the thoughts are plain, yet admit a little quickneſs and paſſion, but that ſhort and flowing: the expreſſion humble, yet as pure as the language will afford; neat, but not florid; eaſy, and yet lively. In ſhort, the fable, manners, thoughts, and expreſſions are full of the greateſt ſimplicity in nature.

The complete character of this poem conſiſts in ſimplicity †, brevity, and delicacy; the two firſt of which render an eclogue natural, and the laſt delightful.

If we would copy Nature, it may be uſeful to take this Idea along with us, that Paſtoral is an image of what they call the golden age. So that we are not to deſcribe our ſhepherds as ſhepherds at this day really are, but as they may be conceived then to have been; when the beſt of men followed the employment. To carry this reſemblance yet farther, it would not be amiſs to give theſe ſhepherds ſome ſkill in aſtronomy, as far as it may be uſeful to that ſort of life. And an air of piety to the Gods ſhould ſhine through the Poem, which ſo viſibly appears in all the works of antiquity: and it ought to preſerve

* *Heinſius in Theocr.* P.

† *Rapin de Carm. Paſt. p.* 2. P.

ſome

ſome reliſh of the old way of writing; the connection ſhould be looſe, the narrations and deſcriptions ſhort *, and the periods conciſe. Yet it is not ſufficient, that the ſentences only be brief, the whole Eclogue ſhould be ſo too. For we cannot ſuppoſe Poetry in thoſe days to have been the buſineſs of men, but their recreation at vacant hours.

But with a reſpect to the preſent age, nothing more conduces to make theſe compoſures natural, than when ſome Knowledge in rural affairs is diſcovered †. This may be made to appear rather done by chance than on deſign, and ſometimes is beſt ſhewn by inference; leſt by too much ſtudy to ſeem natural, we deſtroy that eaſy ſimplicity from whence ariſes the delight. For what is inviting in this ſort of poetry proceeds not ſo much from the Idea of that buſineſs, as of the tranquillity of a country life.

We muſt therefore uſe ſome illuſion to render a Paſtoral delightful; and this conſiſts in expoſing the beſt ſide only of a ſhepherd's life, and in concealing its miſeries ‡. Nor is it enough to introduce ſhepherds diſcourſing together in a natural way; but a regard muſt be had to the ſubject; that it contain ſome particular beauty in itſelf, and that it be different in every Eclogue. Beſides, in each of them a deſigned ſcene or proſpect is to be preſented to our view, which ſhould likewiſe have its variety ‖. This variety is obtain'd in a great degree by frequent compariſons, drawn from the moſt agreeable objects of the country; by interrogations to things inanimate; by beautiful digreſſions, but thoſe ſhort; ſometimes by inſiſting a little on circumſtances; and laſtly, by

* *Rapin, Reflex. ſur l'Art Poet. d'Ariſt. p. 2. Reft.* xxvii. P.

† *Pref. to Virg. Paſt. in Dryd. Virg.* P.

‡ *Fontenelle's Diſc. of Paſtorals.* P.

‖ *See the forementioned Preface.* P.

elegant turns on the words, which render the numbers extremely ſweet and pleaſing. As for the numbers themſelves, though they are properly of the heroic meaſure, they ſhould be the ſmootheſt, the moſt eaſy and flowing imaginable.

It is by rules like theſe that we ought to judge of Paſtoral. And ſince the inſtructions given for any art are to be delivered as that art is in perfection, they muſt of neceſſity be derived from thoſe in whom it is acknowledged ſo to be. It is therefore from the practice of Theocritus and Virgil (the only undiſputed authors of Paſtoral) that the Critics have drawn the f regoing notions concerning it.

Theocritus excels all others in nature and ſimplicity. The ſubjects of his Idyllia are purely paſtoral; but he is not ſo exact in his perſons, having introduced reapers * and fiſhermen as well as ſhepherds. He is apt to be too long in his deſcriptions, of which that of the Cup in the firſt paſtoral is a remarkable inſtance. In the manners he ſeems a little defective, for his ſwains are ſometimes abuſive and immodeſt, and perhaps too much inclining to ruſticity; for inſtance, in his fourth and fifth Idyllia. But 'tis enough that all others learnt their excellencies from him, and that his Dialect alone has a ſecret charm in it, which no other could ever attain.

Virgil, who copies Theocritus, refines upon his original: and in all points where judgment is principally concerned, he is much ſuperior to his maſter. Though ſome of his ſubjects are not paſtoral in themſelves, but only ſeem to be ſuch; they have a wonderful variety in them, which the Greek was a ſtranger to †. He exceeds him in regularity and brevity, and falls ſhort of him in nothing but ſimplicity

* ΘΕΡΙΣΤΑΙ *Idyl.* x. *and* ΑΛΙΕΙΣ *Idyl.* xxi. P.

† *Rapin Reflect. on Ariſt. part* ii. *reflect.* xxvii.—*Preface to the Ecl. in Dryden's Virg.* P.

and propriety of ſtyle; the firſt of which perhaps was the fault of his age, and the laſt of his language.

Among the moderns, their ſucceſs has been greateſt who have moſt endeavour'd to make theſe ancients their pattern. The moſt conſiderable Genius appears in the famous Taſſo, and our Spenſer. Taſſo in his Aminta has as far excelled all the Paſtoral writers, as in his Gieruſalemme he has out-done the Epic poets of his country. But as this piece ſeems to have been the original of a new ſort of poem, the Paſtoral Comedy, in Italy, it cannot ſo well be conſidered as a copy of the ancients. Spenſer's Calendar, in Mr. Dryden's opinion, is the moſt compleat work of this kind which any nation has produced ever ſince the time of Virgil *. Not but that he may be thought imperfect in ſome few points. His Eclogues are ſomewhat too long, if we compare them with the ancients. He is ſometimes too allegorical, and treats of matters of religion in a paſtoral ſtyle, as Mantuan had done before him. He has employ'd the Lyric meaſure, which is contrary to the practice of the old Poets. His Stanza is not ſtill the ſame, nor always well choſen. This laſt may be the reaſon his expreſſion is ſometimes not conciſe enough: for the Tetraſtic has obliged him to extend his ſenſe to the length of four lines, which would have been more cloſely confined in the Couplet.

In the manners, thoughts, and characters, he comes near to Theocritus himſelf; tho', notwithſtanding all the care he has taken, he is certainly inferior in his Dialect: For the Doric had its beauty and propriety in the time of Theocritus; it was uſed in part of Greece, and frequent in the mouths of many of the greateſt perſons: whereas the old Engliſh and country phraſes of Spenſer were either en-

* *Dedication to Virg. Ecl.* P.

 tirely

tirely obſolete, or ſpoken only by people of the loweſt condition. As there is a difference betwixt ſimplicity and ruſticity, ſo the expreſſion of ſimple thoughts ſhould be plain, but not clowniſh. The addition he has made of a Calendar to his Eclogues, is very beautiful; ſince by this, beſides the general moral of innocence and ſimplicity, which is common to other authors of Paſtoral, he has one peculiar to himſelf; he compares human Life to the ſeveral Seaſons, and at once expoſes to his readers a view of the great and little worlds, in their various changes and aſpects. Yet the ſcrupulous diviſion of his Paſtorals into Months, has obliged him either to repeat the ſame deſcription, in other words, for three months together; or, when it was exhauſted before, entirely to omit it: whence it comes to paſs that ſome of his Eclogues (as the ſixth, eighth, and tenth for example) have nothing but their Titles to diſtinguiſh them. The reaſon is evident, becauſe the year has not that variety in it to furniſh every month with a particular deſcription, as it may every ſeaſon.

Of the following Eclogues I ſhall only ſay, that theſe four comprehend all the ſubjects which the Critics upon Theocritus and Virgil will allow to be fit for paſtoral: That they have as much variety of deſcription, in reſpect of the ſeveral ſeaſons, as Spenſer's: that in order to add to this variety, the ſeveral times of the day are obſerv'd, the rural employments in each ſeaſon or time of day, and the rural ſcenes or places proper to ſuch employments; not without ſome regard to the ſeveral ages of man, and the different paſſions proper to each age.

But after all, if they have any merit, it is to be attributed to ſome good old Authors, whoſe works as I had leiſure to ſtudy, ſo I hope I have not wanted care to imitate.

SPRING.

SPRING.

THE FIRST PASTORAL, OR, DAMON.

To Sir WILLIAM TRUMBAL.

FIRST in theſe fields I try the ſylvan ſtrains,
Nor bluſh to ſport on Windſor's bliſsful plains:
Fair Thames, flow gently from thy ſacred ſpring,
While on thy banks Sicilian Muſes ſing;

Let

Theſe Paſtorals were written at the age of ſixteen, and then paſt thro' the hands of Mr. *Walſh*, Mr. *Wycherley*, *G. Granville* afterwards Lord *Lanſdown*, Sir *William Trumbal*, Dr. *Garth*, Lord *Halifax*, Lord *Somers*, Mr. *Mainwaring*, and others. All theſe gave our author the greateſt encouragement, and particularly Mr. *Walſh* (whom Mr. Dryden, in his Poſtſcript to Virgil, calls the beſt critic of his age.) "The Author (ſays he) ſeems to have a "particular genius for this kind of Poetry, and a judg-"ment that much exceeds his years. He has taken very "freely from the Ancients. But what he has mixed of "his own with theirs is no way inferior to what he has "*taken from* them. It is not flattery at all to ſay that "Virgil

Let vernal airs thro' trembling oſiers play,
And Albion's cliffs reſound the rural lay.
You, that too wiſe for pride, too good for pow'r,
Enjoy the glory to be great no more,
And

" Virgil had written nothing ſo good at his Age. His " Preface is very judicious and learned." *Letter to Mr. Wycherley, Ap.* 1705. The Lord Lanſdown about the ſame time, mentioning the youth of our Poet, ſays (in a printed Letter of the Character of Mr. Wycherley) " that " if he goes on as he has begun in the Paſtoral way, as " Virgil firſt tried his ſtrength, we may hope to ſee Eng- " liſh Poetry vie with the Roman," etc. Notwithſtanding the early time of their production, the Author eſteemed theſe as the moſt correct in the verſification, and muſical in the numbers, of all his works. The reaſon for his labouring them into ſo much ſoftneſs, was, doubtleſs, that this ſort of poetry derives almoſt its whole beauty from a natural eaſe of thought and ſmoothneſs of verſe; whereas that of moſt other kinds conſiſts in the ſtrength and fulneſs of both. In a letter of his to Mr. *Walſh* about this time we find an enumeration of ſeveral Niceties in Verſification, which perhaps have never been ſtrictly obſerved in any *Engliſh* poem, except in theſe Paſtorals. They were not printed till 1709. P.

Sir *William Trumbal.*] Our Author's friendſhip with this gentleman commenced at very unequal years: he was under ſixteen, but Sir William above ſixty, and had lately reſign'd his employment of Secretary of State to King William. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 1. *Prima Syracoſio dignata eſt ludere verſu,*
Noſtra nec erubuit ſylvas habitare Thalia.

This is the general exordium and opening of the Paſtorals; in imitation of the ſixth of *Virgil*, which ſome have therefore not improbably thought to have been the firſt originally. In the beginnings of the other three Paſtorals, he imitates expreſly thoſe which now ſtand firſt of the three chief Poets in this kind, *Spencer*, *Virgil*, *Theocritus*.

A Shep-

And carrying with you all the world can boaſt,
To all the world illuſtriouſly are loſt!
O let my Muſe her ſlender reed inſpire,
Till in your native ſhades you tune the lyre:
So when the Nightingale to reſt removes,
The Thruſh may chant to the forſaken groves,
But, charm'd to ſilence, liſtens while ſhe ſings,
And all th' aërial audience clap their wings.
Soon as the flocks ſhook off the nightly dews,
Two Swains, whom Love kept wakeful, and the Muſe,
Pour'd o'er the whitening vale their fleecy care,
Freſh as the morn, and as the ſeaſon fair:
The dawn now bluſhing on the mountain's ſide,
Thus Daphnis ſpoke, and Strephon thus reply'd.

DA-

VER. 12. *in your native ſhades*] Sir W. Trumbal was born in Windſor-foreſt, to which he retreated, after he had reſigned the poſt of Secretary of State to King William III. P.

VER. 17, *etc.* The Scene of this Paſtoral a Valley, the time the Morning. It ſtood originally thus,

Daphnis and Strephon to the Shades retir'd,
Both warm'd by Love, and by the Muſe inſpir'd,
Freſh as the morn, and as the ſeaſon fair,
In flow'ry vales they fed their fleecy care;
And while Aurora gilds the mountain's ſide,
Thus Daphnis ſpoke, and Strephon thus reply'd.

IMITATIONS.

A Shepherd's Boy (he ſeeks no better name)—
Beneath the ſhade a ſpreading Beach diſplays,—
Thyrſis, *the Muſic of that murm'ring Spring,*—
are manifeſtly imitations of
—*A Shepherd's Boy (no better do him call)*
—*Tityre, tu patulae recubans ſub tegmine fagi.*
—Ἀλλ' τι τὸ ψιθύρισμα ϗ ἀ πίτυς, αἰπόλα, τήνα. P.

DAPHNIS.

Hear how the birds, on ev'ry bloomy ſpray,
With joyous muſic wake the dawning day!
Why ſit we mute when early linnets ſing,
When warbling Philomel ſalutes the ſpring?
Why ſit we ſad when Phoſphor ſhines ſo clear,
And laviſh Nature paints the purple year?

STREPHON.

Sing then, and Damon ſhall attend the ſtrain,
While yon' ſlow oxen turn the furrow'd plain.
Here the bright crocus and blue vi'let glow;
Here weſtern winds on breathing roſes blow.
I'll ſtake yon' lamb, that near the fountain plays,
And from the brink his dancing ſhade ſurveys.

DAPHNIS.

And I this bowl, where wanton ivy twines,
And ſwelling cluſters bend the curling vines:

Four

VER. 28. *purple year?*] Purple here uſed in the Latin ſenſe of the brighteſt moſt vivid colouring in general, not of that peculiar tint ſo called.

VER. 34. The firſt reading was,

And his own image from the bank ſurveys.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 36. And cluſters lurk beneath the curling vines. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 35, 36.

Lenta quibus torno facili ſuperaddita vitis,
Diffuſos edera veſtit pallente corymbos. Virg. P.

Four figures riſing from the work appear,
The various ſeaſons of the rowling year;
And what is that, which binds the radiant ſky,
Where twelve fair ſigns in beauteous order lie?

DAMON.

Then ſing by turns, by turns the Muſes ſing,
Now hawthorns bloſſom, now the daiſies ſpring,
Now leaves the trees, and flow'rs adorn the ground;
Begin, the vales ſhall ev'ry note rebound.

STREPHON.

Inſpire me, Phœbus, in my Delia's praiſe,
With Waller's ſtrains, or Granville's moving lays!
A milk-white bull ſhall at your altars ſtand,
That threats a fight, and ſpurns the riſing ſand.

DA-

VER. 46. *Granville*—] George Granville, afterwards Lord Lanſdown, known for his Poems, moſt of which he compos'd very young, and propos'd Waller as his model. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 41. *Then ſing by turns.*] Literally from Virgil,
Alternis dicetis, amant alterna Camœnæ:
Et nunc omnis ager, nunc omnis parturit arbos;
Nunc frondent ſylvæ, nunc formoſiſſimus annus. P.

VER. 38. *The various ſeaſons*] The Subject of theſe Paſtorals engraven on the bowl is not without its propriety. The Shepherd's heſitation at the name of the Zodiac, imitates that in Virgil,

Et quis fuit alter,
Deſcripſit radio totum qui gentibus orbem? P.

VER. 47. *A milk-white Bull.*] Virg.—*Paſcite taurum,*
Qui cornu petat, et pedibus jam ſpargat arenam. P.

DAPHNIS.

O Love! for Sylvia let me gain the prize,
And make my tongue victorious as her eyes;
No lambs or sheep for victims I'll impart,
Thy victim, Love, shall be the shepherd's heart.

STREPHON.

Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain,
Then hid in shades, eludes her eager swain;
But feigns a laugh, to see me search around,
And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

DAPHNIS.

The sprightly Sylvia trips along the green,
She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen;
While a kind glance at her pursuer flies,
How much at variance are her feet and eyes!

STREPHON.

O'er golden sands let rich Pactolus flow,
And trees weep amber on the banks of Po;
Blest

VARIATIONS.

VER. 49. Originally thus in the MS.
Pan, let my numbers equal Strephon's lays,
Of Parian stone thy statue will I raise;
But if I conquer and augment my fold,
Thy Parian statue shall be chang'd to Gold.

VER. 61. It stood thus at first,
Let rich Iberia golden fleeces boast,
Her purple wool the proud Assyrian coast,
Blest Thames's shores, &c. P.

VER. 61. Originally thus in the MS.
Go, now thy wreath, and let my Sylvia know,
Compar'd to thine how bright her Beauties show:
Then

Bleſt Thames's ſhores the brighteſt beauties yield,
Feed here my lambs, I'll ſeek no diſtant field.

DAPHNIS.

Celeſtial Venus haunts Idalia's groves;
Diana Cynthus, Ceres Hybla loves;
If Windſor-ſhades delight the matchleſs maid,
Cynthus and Hybla yield to Windſor-ſhade.

STREPHON.

All nature mourns, the ſkies relent in ſhow'rs,
Huſh'd are the birds, and cloſ'd the drooping flow'rs;
If Delia ſmile, the flow'rs begin to ſpring,
The ſkies to brighten, and the birds to ſing.

DA-

VARIATIONS.

Then die; and dying teach the lovely Maid
How ſoon the brighteſt beauties are decay'd.

DAPHNIS.

Go, tuneful bird, that pleas'd the woods ſo long,
Of Amaryllis learn a ſweeter ſong.
To Heav'n ariſing then her notes convey,
For Heav'n alone is worthy ſuch a lay.

VER. 69. etc. Theſe verſes were thus at firſt:
All nature mourns, the birds their ſongs deny,
Nor wafted brooks the thirſty flow'rs ſupply;
If Delia ſmile, the flow'rs begin to ſpring,
The brooks to murmur, and the birds to ſing. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 58. *She runs, but hopes.*] Imitation of Virgil,
Malo me Galatea petit, laſciva puella,
Et fugit ad ſalices, ſed ſe cupit ante videri. P.

VER. 69. *All nature mourns,*]
Virg. *Aret ager, vitio moriens ſitit aëris herba, etc.*
Phyllidis adventu noſtræ nemus omne virebit. P.

1

DAPHNIS.

All nature laughs, the groves are freſh and fair,
The Sun's mild luſtre warms the vital air;
If Sylvia ſmiles, new glories gild the ſhore,
And vanquiſh'd nature ſeems to charm no more.

STREPHON.

In ſpring the fields, in autumn hills I love,
At morn the plains, at noon the ſhady grove,
But Delia always; abſent from her ſight,
Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight.

DAPHNIS.

Sylvia's like autumn ripe, yet mild as May,
More bright than noon, yet freſh as early day;
Ev'n ſpring diſpleaſes, when ſhe ſhines not here;
But bleſt with her, 'tis ſpring throughout the year.

STREPHON.

Say, Daphnis, ſay, in what glad ſoil appears,
A wond'rous Tree that ſacred Monarchs bears:
Tell me but this, and I'll diſclaim the prize,
And give the conqueſt to thy Sylvia's eyes.

DAPHNIS.

Nay tell me firſt, in what more happy fields
The Thiſtle ſprings, to which the Lilly yields:

And

VER. 86. *A wond'rous Tree that ſacred Monarchs bears.*] An alluſion to the Royal Oak, in which Charles II. had been hid from the purſuit after the battle of Worceſter. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 90. *The Thiſtle ſprings to which the Lilly yields,*] Alludes to the device of the Scots Monarchs, the Thiſtle, worn by Queen Anne; and to the arms of France, the

And then a nobler prize I will reſign;
For Sylvia, charming Sylvia ſhall be thine.

DAMON.

Ceaſe to contend, for, Daphnis, I decree,
The bowl to Strephon, and the lamb to thee:
Bleſt Swains, whoſe Nymphs in ev'ry grace excel;
Bleſt Nymphs, whoſe Swains thoſe graces ſing ſo well!
Now riſe, and haſte to yonder woodbine bow'rs,
A ſoft retreat from ſudden vernal ſhow'rs;
The turf with rural dainties ſhall be crown'd,
While op'ning blooms diffuſe their ſweets around.
For ſee! the gath'ring flocks to ſhelter tend,
And from the Pleiads fruitful ſhow'rs deſcend.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 99. was originally,
The turf with country dainties ſhall be ſpread,
And trees with twining branches ſhade your head. P.

IMITATIONS.

Fleur de lys. The two riddles are in imitation of thoſe in Virg. Ecl. iii.

Dic quibus in terris inſcripti nomina Regum
Naſcantur Flores, *& Phyllida ſolus habeto.* P.

SUMMER.

THE

SECOND PASTORAL,

OR

ALEXIS.

To Dr. GARTH.

A Shepherd's Boy (he ſeeks no better name)
Led forth his flocks along the ſilver Thame,
Where dancing ſun-beams on the waters play'd,
And verdant alders form'd a quiv'ring ſhade.
Soft as he mourn'd, the ſtreams forgot to flow,
The flocks around a dumb compaſſion ſhow,

The

VER. 3. The Scene of this Paſtoral by the river's ſide; ſuitable to the heat of the ſeaſon; the time noon. P.

VARIATIONS.

VER: 1, 2, 3, 4. were thus printed in the firſt edition:
A faithful ſwain, whom Love had taught to ſing,
Bewail'd his fate beſide a ſilver ſpring;
Where gentle Thames his winding waters leads
Thro' verdant foreſts, and thro' flow'ry meads. P.

VER. 3. Originally thus in the MS.
There to the winds he plain'd his hapleſs love,
And Amaryllis fill'd the vocal grove.

The Naiads wept in ev'ry watry bow'r,
And Jove conſented in a ſilent ſhow'r.
Accept, O GARTH, the Muſe's early lays;
That adds this wreath of Ivy to thy Bays;
Hear what from Love unpractis'd hearts endure,
From Love, the ſole diſeaſe thou canſt not cure.
Ye ſhady beeches, and ye cooling ſtreams,
Defence from Phœbus', not from Cupid's beams,
To you I mourn, nor to the deaf I ſing,
The woods ſhall anſwer, and their echo ring.
The hills and rocks attend my doleful lay,
Why art thou prouder and more hard than they?
The bleating ſheep with my complaints agree,
They parch'd with heat, and I inflam'd by thee.
The ſultry Sirius burns the thirſty plains,
While in thy heart eternal winter reigns.
Where ſtray ye Muſes, in what lawn or grove,
While your Alexis pines in hopeleſs love?
In thoſe fair fields where ſacred Iſis glides,
Or elſe where Cam his winding vales divides?

VER. 9] Dr. Samuel Garth, Author of the Diſpenſary, was one of the firſt friends of the Author, whoſe acquaintance with him began at fourteen or fifteen. Their friendſhip continued from the year 1703 to 1718, which was that of his death. P.

VER. 16. *The woods ſhall anſwer, and their echo ring,*] Is a line out of Spenſer's Epithalamion. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 8. *And Jove conſented*]
Jupiter et læto deſcendet plurimus imbri. Virg. P.

VER. 15. *nor to the deaf I ſing,*]
Non canimus ſurdis, reſpondent omnia ſylvæ. Virg. P.

VER. 23. *Where ſtray ye Muſes, etc.*]
Quæ nemora, aut qui vos ſaltus habuere, puellæ
Naïdes,

As in the cryſtal ſpring I view my face,
Freſh riſing bluſhes paint the watry glaſs;
But ſince thoſe graces pleaſe thy eyes no more,
I ſhun the fountains which I ſought before.
Once I was ſkill'd in ev'ry herb that grew,
And ev'ry plant that drinks the morning dew;
Ah wretched ſhepherd, what avails thy art,
To cure thy lambs, but not to heal thy heart!
Let other ſwains attend the rural care,
Feed fairer flocks, or richer fleeces ſheer:
But nigh yon' mountain let me tune my lays,
Embrace my Love, and bind my brows with bays.
That flute is mine which Colin's tuneful breath
Inſpir'd when living, and bequeath'd in death;
He

VER. 39. *Colin*] The name taken by Spenſer in his Eclogues, where his miſtreſs is celebrated under that of Roſalinda. P.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 27.
Oft in the cryſtal ſpring I caſt a view,
And equal'd Hylas, if the glaſs be true;
But ſince thoſe graces meet my eyes no more,
I ſhun, *etc.* P.

IMITATIONS.

Naïdes, indigno cum Gallus amore periret?
Nam neque Parnaſſi vobis juga, nam neque Pindi
Ulla moram fecere, neque Aonia Aganippe.
Virg. out of Theocr. P.

VER. 27. Virgil again from the Cyclops of Theocritus,
nuper me in littore vidi
Cum placidum ventis ſtaret mare, non ego Daphnim,
Judice te, metuam, ſi nunquam fallat imago. P.

VER. 40. *bequeath'd in death; etc.*] Virg. Ecl. ii.
Eſt mihi diſparibus ſeptem compacta cicutis
Fiſtula, Damœtas dono mihi quam dedit olim,
Et dixit moriens, Te nunc habet iſta ſecundum. P.

He ſaid; Alexis, take this pipe, the ſame
That taught the groves my Roſalinda's name:
But now the reeds ſhall hang on yonder tree,
For ever ſilent ſince deſpis'd by thee.
Oh! were I made by ſome transforming pow'r
The captive bird that ſings within thy bow'r!
Then might my voice thy liſt'ning ears employ,
And I thoſe kiſſes he receives, enjoy.
And yet my numbers pleaſe the rural throng,
Rough Satyrs dance, and Pan applauds the ſong:
The Nymphs, forſaking ev'ry cave and ſpring,
Their early fruit, and milk-white turtles bring;
Each am'rous nymph prefers her gifts in vain,
On you their gifts are all beſtow'd again.
For you the ſwains the faireſt flow'rs deſign,
And in one garland all their beauties join;
Accept the wreath which you deſerve alone,
In whom all beauties are compriz'd in one.
See what delights in ſylvan ſcenes appear!
Deſcending Gods have found Elyſium here.
In woods bright Venus with Adonis ſtray'd,
And chaſte Diana haunts the foreſt ſhade.
Come, lovely nymph, and bleſs the ſilent hours,
When ſwains from ſheering ſeek their nightly bow'rs;
When weary reapers quit the ſultry field,
And crown'd with corn their thanks to Ceres yield,

IMITATIONS.

VER. 60. *Deſcending Gods have found Elyſium here.*
Habitarunt Di quoque ſylvas — Virg.
Et formoſus oves ad flumina pavit Adonis. Idem. P.

This harmleſs grove no lurking viper hides,
But in my breaſt the ſerpent Love abides.
Here bees from bloſſoms ſip the roſy dew,
But your Alexis knows no ſweets but you.
Oh deign to viſit our forſaken ſeats,
The moſſy fountains, and the green retreats!
Where'er you walk, cool gales ſhall fan the glade,
Trees, where you ſit, ſhall croud into a ſhade:
Where'er you tread, the bluſhing flow'rs ſhall riſe,
And all things flouriſh where you turn your eyes.
Oh! how I long with you to paſs my days,
Invoke the Muſes, and reſound your praiſe!
Your praiſe the birds ſhall chant in ev'ry grove,
And winds ſhall waft it to the pow'rs above.
But would you ſing, and rival Orpheus' ſtrain,
The wond'ring foreſts ſoon ſhould dance again,
The moving mountains hear the pow'rful call,
And headlong ſtreams hang liſt'ning in their fall!
But ſee, the ſhepherds ſhun the noon-day heat,
The lowing herds to murm'ring brooks retreat,
To

VARIATIONS.

VER. 79, 80.

Your praiſe the tuneful birds to heav'n ſhall bear,
And liſt'ning wolves grow milder as they hear.

So the verſes were originally written. But the author, young as he was, ſoon found the abſurdity which *Spenſer* himſelf overlooked, of introducing wolves into England. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 80. *And winds ſhall waft, etc.*]

Partem aliquam, venti, divûm referatis ad aures!
Virg. P.

To cloſer ſhades the panting flocks remove;
Ye Gods! and is there no relief for Love?
But ſoon the ſun with milder rays deſcends
To the cool ocean, where his journey ends:
On me love's fiercer flames for ever prey,
By night he ſcorches, as he burns by day.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 91. Me love inflames, nor will his fires allay. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 88. *Ye Gods, etc.*]

Me tamen urit amor, quis enim modus adſit amori?
Idem. P.

AUTUMN.

THE

THIRD PASTORAL,

OR

HYLAS and ÆGON.

To Mr. WYCHERLEY.

BEneath the ſhade a ſpreading Beech diſplays,
Hylas and Ægon ſung their rural lays,
This mourn'd a faithleſs, that an abſent Love,
And Delia's name and Doris fill'd the Grove.
Ye Mantuan nymphs, your ſacred ſuccour bring;
Hylas and Ægon's rural lays I ſing.
Thou, whom the Nine with Plautus' wit inſpire,
The art of Terence, and Menander's fire;

Whoſe

This Paſtoral conſiſts of two parts, like the viiith of Virgil: The Scene, a Hill; the Time at Sun-ſet. P.

VER. 7. *Thou, whom the Nine,*] Mr. Wycherley, a famous Author of Comedies; of which the moſt celebrated were the *Plain-Dealer* and *Country-Wife*. He was a writer of infinite ſpirit, ſatire, and wit. The only objection made to him was that he had too much. However he was followed in the ſame way by Mr. Congreve; *tho' with a little* more correctneſs. P.

Whoſe ſenſe inſtructs us, and whoſe humour charms;
Whoſe judgment ſways us, and whoſe ſpirit warms!
Oh, ſkill'd in Nature! ſee the hearts of Swains,
Their artleſs paſſions. and their tender pains.
Now ſetting Phœbus ſhone ſerenely bright,
And fleecy clouds were ſtreak'd with purple light;
When tuneful Hylas with melodious moan,
Taught rocks to weep and made the mountains groan.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my ſighs away!
To Delia's ear, the tender notes convey.
As ſome ſad Turtle his loſt love deplores,
And with deep murmurs fills the ſounding ſhores;
Thus, far from Delia, to the winds I mourn,
Alike unheard, unpity'd, and forlorn.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my ſighs along!
For her, the feather'd quires neglect their ſong:
For her, the limes their pleaſing ſhades deny;
For her, the lillies hang their heads and die.
Ye flow'rs that droop, forſaken by the ſpring,
Ye birds that, left by ſummer, ceaſe to ſing.
Ye trees that fade when autumn-heats remove,
Say, is not abſence death to thoſe who love?
Go, gentle gales, and bear my ſighs away;
Curs'd be the fields that caus'd my Delia's ſtay;
Fade ev'ry bloſſom, wither ev'ry tree,
Die ev'ry flow'r, and periſh all, but ſhe.
What have I ſaid? where'er my Delia flies,
Let ſpring attend, and ſudden flow'rs ariſe;
Let op'ning roſes knotted oaks adorn,
And liquid amber drop from ev'ry thorn.

Go

IMITATIONS.

VER. 37. *Aurea duræ*

Mala

Go, gentle gales, and bear my ſighs along!
The birds ſhall ceaſe to tune their ev'ning ſong,
The winds to breathe, the waving woods to move,
And ſtreams to murmur, e'er I ceaſe to love.
Not bubling fountains to the thirſty ſwain,
Not balmy ſleep to lab'rers faint with pain,
Not ſhow'rs to larks, or ſun-ſhine to the bee,
Are half ſo charming as thy ſight to me.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my ſighs away!
Come, Delia, come; ah why this long delay?
Thro' rocks and caves the name of Delia ſounds,
Delia, each cave and echoing rock rebounds.
Ye pow'rs, what pleaſing frenzy ſooths my mind!
Do lovers dream, or is my Delia kind?
She comes, my Delia comes!—Now ceaſe my lay,
And ceaſe, ye gales, to bear my ſighs away!
Next Ægon ſung, while Windſor groves admir'd;
Rehearſe, ye Muſes, what yourſelves inſpir'd.
Reſound, ye hills, reſound my mournful ſtrain!
Of perjur'd Doris, dying I complain:

Here

VARIATIONS.

VER. 48. Originally thus in the MS.
With him thro' Libya's burning plains I'll go,
On Alpine mountains tread th' eternal ſnow;
Yet feel no heat but what our loves impart,
And dread no coldneſs but in Thyrſis' heart.

IMITATIONS.

Mala ferant quercus; narciſſo floreat alnus,
Pinguia corticibus ſudent electra myricæ. Virg. Ecl. viii. P.

VER. 43, *etc.*]
Quale ſopor feſſis in gramine, quale per æſtum
Dulcis aquæ ſaliente ſitim reſtinguere rivo. Ecl. v. P.

VER. 52. *An qui amant, ipſi ſibi ſomnia fingunt?* Id. viii. P.

Here where the mountains leſs'ning as they riſe
Loſe the low vales, and ſteal into the ſkies:
While lab'ring oxen, ſpent with toil and heat,
In their looſe traces from the field retreat:
While curling ſmoaks from village-tops are ſeen,
And the fleet ſhades glide o'er the duſky green.
Reſound, ye hills, reſound my mournful lay!
Beneath yon' poplar oft we paſt the day:
Oft' on the rind I carv'd her am'rous vows,
While ſhe with garlands hung the bending boughs:
The garlands fade, the vows are worn away;
So dies her love, and ſo my hopes decay.
Reſound, ye hills, reſound my mournful ſtrain!
Now bright Arcturus glads the teeming grain,
Now golden fruits on loaded branches ſhine,
And grateful cluſters ſwell with floods of wine;
Now bluſhing berries paint the yellow grove;
Juſt Gods! ſhall all things yield returns but love?
Reſound, ye hills, reſound my mournful lay!
The ſhepherds cry, "Thy flocks are left a prey—
Ah! what avails it me, the flocks to keep,
Who loſt my heart while I preſerv'd my ſheep.
Pan came, and aſk'd, what magic caus'd my ſmart,
Or what ill eyes malignant glances dart?
What eyes but hers, alas, have pow'r to move!
And is there magic but what dwells in love?
Reſound,

VER. 74. *And grateful cluſters, etc.*] The ſcene is in Windſor-foreſt. So this image not ſo exact.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 82. *Or what ill eyes*]
Neſcio quis teneros oculus mihi faſcinat agnos. V.

Reſound, ye hills, reſound my mournful ſtrains!
I'll fly from ſhepherds, flocks, and flow'ry plains.
From ſhepherds, flocks, and plains, I may remove,
Forſake mankind, and all the world—but love!
I know thee, Love! on foreign Mountains bred,
Wolves gave thee ſuck, and ſavage Tigers fed.
Thou wert from Ætna's burning entrails torn,
Got by fierce whirlwinds, and in thunder born!
Reſound, ye hills, reſound my mournful lay!
Farewell, ye woods, adieu the light of day!
One leap from yonder cliff ſhall end my pains,
No more, ye hills, no more reſound my ſtrains!
Thus ſung the ſhepherds till th' approach of night,
The ſkies yet bluſhing with departing light,
When falling dews with ſpangles deck'd the glade,
And the low ſun had lengthen'd ev'ry ſhade.

VER. 98, 100.] There is a little inaccuracy here; the firſt line makes the time after ſun-ſet; the ſecond, before.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 89. *Nunc ſcio quid ſit Amor: duris in cotibus iſ. lum, etc.* P.

WINTER.

THE

FOURTH PASTORAL,

OR

DAPHNE.

To the Memory of Mrs. TEMPEST.

LYCIDAS.

THYRSIS, the muſic of that murm'ring ſpring
Is not ſo mournful as the ſtrains you ſing.
Nor rivers winding thro' the vales below,
So ſweetly warble, or ſo ſmoothly flow.

Now

WINTER.] This was the Poet's favourite Paſtoral.

Mrs. Tempeſt.] This Lady was of an ancient family in Yorkſhire, and particularly admired by the Author's friend Mr. Walſh, who, having celebrated her in a Paſtoral Elegy, deſired his friend to do the ſame, as appears from one of his Letters, dated Sept. 9, 1706. "Your laſt Eclogue "being

IMITATIONS.

VER. 1. *Thyrſis, the muſic, etc.*] Ἄδυ τι, *etc.* Theocr. Id. i.

Now ſleeping flocks on their ſoft fleeces lie,
The moon, ſerene in glory, mounts the ſky,
While ſilent birds forget their tuneful lays,
Oh ſing of Daphne's fate, and Daphne's praiſe!

THYRSIS.

Behold the groves that ſhine with ſilver froſt,
Their beauty wither'd, and their verdure loſt.
Here ſhall I try the ſweet Alexis ſtrain,
That call'd the liſt'ning Dryads to the plain?
Thames heard the numbers as he flow'd along,
And bade his willows learn the moving ſong.

LYCIDAS.

So may kind rains their vital moiſture yield,
And ſwell the future harveſt of the field.
Begin; this charge the dying Daphne gave,
And ſaid, "Ye ſhepherds, ſing around my grave!"
Sing, while beſide the ſhaded tomb I mourn,
And with freſh bays her rural ſhrine adorn.

THYRSIS.

Ye gentle Muſes, leave your cryſtal ſpring,
Let Nymphs and Sylvans cypreſs garlands bring;
Ye

"being on the ſame ſubject with mine on Mrs. Tem-
"peſt's death, I ſhould take it very kindly in you to give
"it a little turn as if it were to the memory of the ſame
"lady." Her death having happened on the night of the great ſtorm in 1703, gave a propriety to this eclogue, which in its general turn alludes to it. The ſcene of the Paſtoral lies in a grove, the time at midnight. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 13. Thames heard, etc.]
Audiit Eurotas, juſſitque ediſcere lauros. Virg. P.

Ye weeping Loves, the ſtream with myrtles hide,
And break your bows, as when Adonis dy'd;
And with your golden darts, now uſeleſs grown,
Inſcribe a verſe on this relenting ſtone:
"Let nature change, let heav'n and earth deplore,
"Fair Daphne's dead, and love is now no more!
'Tis done, and nature's various charms decay,
See gloomy clouds obſcure the chearful day!
Now hung with pearls the dropping trees appear,
Their faded honours ſcatter'd on her bier.
See, where on earth the flow'ry glories lie,
With her they flouriſh'd, and with her they die.
Ah what avail the beauties nature wore?
Fair Daphne's dead, and beauty is no more!
For her the flocks refuſe their verdant food,
The thirſty heifers ſhun the gliding flood.
The ſilver ſwans her hapleſs fate bemoan,
In notes more ſad than when they ſing their own;
In hollow caves ſweet Echo ſilent lies,
Silent, or only to her name replies;
Her name with pleaſure once ſhe taught the ſhore,
Now Daphne's dead, and pleaſure is no more!
No grateful dews deſcend from ev'ning ſkies,
Nor morning odours from the flow'rs ariſe;

No

VARIATIONS.

VER. 29. Originally thus in the MS.

'Tis done, and nature's chang'd ſince you are gone;
Behold the clouds have *put their Mourning on.*

IMITATIONS.

VER. 23, 24, 25.

Inducite fontibus umbras —
Et tumulum facite, et tumulo ſuperaddite carmen. P.

No rich perfumes refreſh the fruitful field,
Nor fragrant herbs their native incenſe yield.
The balmy Zephyrs, ſilent ſince her death,
Lament the ceaſing of a ſweeter breath;
Th' induſtrious bees neglect their golden ſtore!
Fair Daphne's dead, and ſweetneſs is no more!

No more the mounting larks, while Daphne ſings,
Shall liſt'ning in mid air ſuſpend their wings;
No more the birds ſhall imitate her lays,
Or huſh'd with wonder, hearken from the ſprays:
No more the ſtreams their murmurs ſhall forbear,
A ſweeter muſic than their own to hear,
But tell the reeds, and tell the vocal ſhore,
Fair Daphne's dead, and muſic is no more!

Her fate is whiſper'd by the gentle breeze,
And told in ſighs to all the trembling trees;
The trembling trees, in ev'ry plain and wood,
Her fate remurmur to the ſilver flood;
The ſilver flood, ſo lately calm, appears
Swell'd with new paſſion, and o'erflows with tears;
The winds and trees and floods her death deplore,
Daphne, our grief! our glory now no more!

But ſee! where Daphne wond'ring mounts on high
Above the clouds, above the ſtarry ſky!
Eternal beauties grace the ſhining ſcene,
Fields ever freſh, and groves for ever green!
There while you reſt in Amaranthine bow'rs,
Or from thoſe meads ſelect unfading flow'rs,

Behold

IMITATIONS.

VER. 69, 70. *miratur limen Olympi,*
Sub pedibuſque videt nubes et ſydera Daphnis. Virg. E.

Behold us kindly, who your name implore,
Daphne, our Goddeſs, and our grief no more!

LYCIDAS.

How all things liſten, while thy Muſe complains!
Such ſilence waits on Philomela's ſtrains,
In ſome ſtill ev'ning, when the whiſp'ring breeze
Pants on the leaves, and dies upon the trees.
To thee, bright goddeſs, oft a lamb ſhall bleed,
If teeming ewes encreaſe my fleecy breed.
While plants their ſhade, or flow'rs their odours give,
Thy name, thy honour, and thy praiſe ſhall live!

THYRSIS.

But ſee, Orion ſheds unwholſome dews,
Ariſe, the pines a noxious ſhade diffuſe;
Sharp Boreas blows, and Nature feels decay,
Time conquers all, and we muſt Time obey.
Adieu,

VARIATIONS.

VER. 83. Originally thus in the MS.

While Vapours riſe, and driving ſnows deſcend,
Thy honour, name, and praiſe ſhall *never end.*

IMITATIONS.

VER. 81. *illius aram*
Sæpe tener noſtris ab ovilibus imbuet agnus. Virg. P.

VER. 86. *ſolet eſſe gravis cantantibus umbra,*
Juniperi gravis umbra. Virg. P.

VER. 88. *Time conquers all, etc.*
Omnia vincit amor, et nos cedamus amori.
Vid. etiam Sannazarii Ecl. et Spencer's Calendar.

Adieu, ye vales, ye mountains, ſtreams and groves,
Adieu, ye ſhepherd's rural lays and loves;
Adieu, my flocks, farewell ye ſylvan crew,
Daphne, farewell, and all the world adieu.

VER. 89, *etc.*] Theſe four laſt lines allude to the ſeveral ſubjects of the four Paſtorals, and to the ſeveral ſcenes of them, particularized before in each. P.

MESSIAH.

A

Sacred Eclogue,

In Imitation of

VIRGIL's POLLIO.

Advertiſement.

IN reading ſeveral paſſages of the Prophet Iſaiah, which foretell the coming of Chriſt and the felicities attending it, I could not but obſerve a remarkable parity between many of the thoughts, and thoſe in the Pollio of Virgil. This will not ſeem ſurpriſing, when we reflect, that the Eclogue was taken from a Sibylline prophecy on the ſame ſubject. One may judge that Virgil did not copy it line by line, but ſelected ſuch ideas as beſt agreed with the nature of paſtoral poetry, and diſpoſed them in that manner which ſerved moſt to beautify his piece. I have endeavour'd the ſame in this imitation of him, though without admitting any thing of my own; ſince it was written with this particular view, that the reader, by comparing the ſeveral thoughts, might ſee how far the images and deſcriptions of the Prophet are ſuperior to thoſe of the Poet. But as I fear I have prejudiced them by my management, I ſhall ſubjoin the paſſages of Iſaiah, and thoſe of Virgil, under the ſame diſadvantage of a literal tranſlation. P.

MESSIAH.

A

SACRED ECLOGUE,

In Imitation of VIRGIL's POLLIO.

YE Nymphs of Solyma! begin the ſong:
To heav'nly themes ſublimer ſtrains belong.
The moſſy fountains, and the ſylvan ſhades,
The dreams of Pindus and th'Aonian maids,
Delight no more—O thou my voice inſpire
Who touch'd Iſaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!
Rapt into future times, the Bard begun:
A Virgin ſhall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!
From

IMITATIONS.

VER. 8. *A Virgin ſhall conceive — All crimes ſhall ceaſe, etc.*]

VIRG. E. iv. v. 6.

Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna;
Jam nova progenies cælo demittitur alto.
Te duce, ſi qua manent ſceleris veſtigia noſtri,
Irrita perpetua ſolvent formidine terras—
Pacatumque reget patriis virtutibus orbem.

Now the Virgin returns, now the kingdom of Saturn *returns, now a new Progeny is ſent down from high heaven. By means of thee, whatever reliques of our crimes remain, ſhall be wiped away, and free the world from perpetual fears. He ſhall govern the earth in peace, with the virtues of his Father.*

ISAIAH, Ch. vii. v. 14. *Behold a Virgin ſhall conceive and bear a Son.*—Ch. ix. v. 6, 7. *Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given; the Prince of Peace:* of the increaſe of

From * Jeſſe's root behold a branch ariſe,
Whoſe ſacred flow'r with fragrance fills the ſkies:
Th'Æthereal ſpirit o'er its leaves ſhall move,
And on its tops deſcends the myſtic Dove.
Ye † Heav'ns! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in ſoft ſilence ſhed the kindly ſhow'r!
The ‡ ſick and weak the healing plant ſhall aid,
From ſtorms a ſhelter, and from heat a ſhade.
All crimes ſhall ceaſe, and ancient fraud ſhall fail;
Returning ‖ Juſtice lift aloft her ſcale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-rob'd Innocence from heav'n deſcend.
Swift fly the years, and riſe th' expected morn!
Oh ſpring to light, auſpicious Babe, be born!
See Nature haſtes her earlieſt wreathes to bring,
With all the incenſe of the breathing ſpring:

See

IMITATIONS.

of his government, and of his peace, there ſhall be no end: Upon the throne of David, *and upon his kingdom, to order and to ſtabliſh it, with judgment, and with juſtice, for ever and ever.* P.

VER. 23. *See Nature haſtes, etc.*]

VIRG. E. iv. v. 18.

At tibi prima, puer, nullo manuſcula cultu,
Errantes hederas paſſim cum baccare telles,
Mixtaque ridenti colocaſia fundet acantho —
Ipſæ tibi blandos fundent cunabula flores.

For thee, O Child, ſhall the earth, without being till'd, produce her early offerings; winding ivy, mixed with Baccar, *and* Colocaſia *with ſmiling* Acanthus. *Thy cradle ſhall pour forth pleaſing flowers about thee.*

ISAIAH, Ch. xxxv. v. 1. *The wilderneſs and the ſolitary place ſhall be glad, and the deſart ſhall rejoice and bloſſom*

* *Iſai xi.* v. 1. † Ch. xlv. v. 8. ‡ Ch. xxv. v. 4. ‖ *Ch. ix.* v. 7.

See * lofty Lebanon his head advance,
See nodding foreſts on the mountains dance:
See ſpicy clouds from lowly Saron riſe,
And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the ſkies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely deſart chears;
Prepare the † way! a God, a God appears:
A God, a God! the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
Lo, earth receives him from the bending ſkies!
Sink down ye mountains, and ye valleys riſe,
With

IMITATIONS.

ſom as the roſe. Ch. lx. v. 13. *The glory of* Lebanon *ſhall come unto thee, the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of the ſanctuary.* P.

VER. 29. *Hark, a glad Voice, etc.*]

VIRG. E. iv. v. 46.

Aggredere ô magnos, aderit jam tempus, honores,
Cara deûm ſoboles, magnum Jovis incrementum —
Ipſi lætitia voces ad ſydera jactant
Intonſi montes, ipſæ jam carmina rupes,
Ipſa ſonant arbuſta, Deus, deus ille Menalca!

E. v. ver. 62.

Oh come and receive the mighty honours: the time draws nigh, O beloved offspring of the Gods, O great encreaſe of Jove! *The uncultivated mountains ſend ſhouts of joy to the ſtars, the very rocks ſing in verſe, the very ſhrubs cry out, A God, a God!*

ISAIAH, Ch. xl. v. 3, 4. *The voice of him that crieth in the wilderneſs, Prepare ye the way of the Lord! make ſtrait in the deſart a high way for our God! Every valley ſhall be exalted, and every mountain and hill ſhall be made low, and the crooked ſhall be made ſtrait, and the rough places plain.* Ch. liv. v. 23. *Break forth into ſinging, ye mountains! O foreſt, and every tree therein! for the Lord hath redeemed* Iſrael. P.

* Ch. xxxv. v. 2. † Ch. xl. v. 3, 4.

With heads declin'd, ye cedars homage pay;
Be ſmooth ye rocks, ye rapid floods give way!
The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold:
Hear * him, ye deaf, and all ye blind, behold!
He from thick films ſhall purge the viſual ray,
And on the ſightleſs eye-ball pour the day:
'Tis he th' obſtructed paths of ſound ſhall clear,
And bid new muſic charm th' unfolding ear:
The dumb ſhall ſing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No ſigh, no murmur the wide world ſhall hear,
From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear.
In † adamantine chains ſhall Death be bound,
And Hell's grim Tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
As the good ‡ ſhepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freſheſt paſture and the pureſt air,
Explores the loſt, the wand'ring ſheep directs,
By day o'erſees them, and by night protects,
The tender lambs he raiſes in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his boſom warms;
Thus ſhall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promis'd ‖ father of the future age.
No more ſhall § nation againſt nation riſe,
Nor ardent warriours meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming ſteel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But uſeleſs lances into ſcythes ſhall bend,
And the broad faulchion in a plow-ſhare end.

Then

* Ch. xliii. v. 18. Ch. xxxv. v. 5, 6. † Ch. xxv. v. 8. ‡ Ch. xl. v. 11. ‖ Ch. ix. v. 6. § Ch. ii. v. 4.

Then palaces ſhall riſe; the joyful * Son
Shall finiſh what his ſhort-liv'd Sire begun;
Their vines a ſhadow to their race ſhall yield,
And the ſame hand that ſow'd, ſhall reap the field.
The ſwain in barren † deſarts with ſurprize
See lillies ſpring, and ſudden verdure riſe;
And ſtarts, amidſt the thirſty wilds to hear
New falls of water murm'ring in his ear,
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulruſh nods.
Waſte ſandy ‡ valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
The ſpiry fir and ſhapely box adorn:
To leafleſs ſhrubs the flow'ring palms ſucceed,
And od'rous myrtle to the noiſom weed.
The ‖ lambs with wolves ſhall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flow'ry bands the tyger lead;

The

IMITATIONS.

VER. 67. *The ſwain in barren deſarts*] Virg. E. iv. v. 28.

Molli paulatim flaveſcet campus ariſta,
Incultiſque rubens pendebit ſentibus uva,
Et duræ quercus ſudabunt roſcida mella.

The fields ſhall grow yellow with ripen'd ears, and the red grape ſhall hang upon the wild brambles, and the hard oak ſhall diſtill honey like dew.

ISAIAH, Ch. xxxv. v. 7. *The parched ground ſhall become a pool, and the thirſty land ſprings of water: In the habitations where dragons lay, ſhall be graſs, and reeds, and ruſhes.* Ch. lv. v. 13. *Inſtead of the thorn ſhall come up the fir-tree, and inſtead of the briar ſhall come up the myrtle tree.* P.

VER. 77. *The lambs with wolves, etc.*] Virg. E. iv. v. 21.

Ipſæ lacte domum referent diſtenta capellæ
Ubera,

* Ch. lxv. v. 21, 22. † Ch. xxxv. v. 1, 7.
‡ Ch. xli. v. 19. and Ch. lv. v. 13. ‖ Ch. xi. v. 6, 7, 8.

The ſteer and lion at one crib ſhall meet,
And harmleſs * ſerpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The ſmiling infant in his hand ſhall take
The creſted baſiliſk and ſpeckled ſnake,
Pleas'd the green luſtre of the ſcales ſurvey,
And with their forky tongue ſhall innocently play.
Riſe, crown'd with light, imperial † Salem, riſe!
Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!
See, a long ‡ race thy ſpacious courts adorn;
See future ſons, and daughters yet unborn,

In

IMITATIONS.

Ubera, nec magnos metuent armenta leones —
Occidet et ſerpens, et fallax herba veneni
Occidet.—

The goats ſhall bear to the fold their udders diſtended with milk: nor ſhall the herds be afraid of the greateſt lions. The ſerpent ſhall die, and the herb that conceals poiſon ſhall die.

ISAIAH, Ch. xi. v. 16, etc. *The wolf ſhall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard ſhall lie down with the kid, and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together: and a little child ſhall lead them.—And the lion ſhall eat ſtraw like the ox. And the ſucking child ſhall play on the hole of the aſp, and the weaned child ſhall put his hand on the den of the cockatrice.* P.

VER. 85. *Riſe, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, riſe!*] The thoughts of Iſaiah, which compoſe the latter part of the poem, are wonderfully elevated, and much above thoſe general exclamations of Virgil, which make the loftieſt parts of his Pollio.

Magnus ab integro ſæclorum naſcitur ordo!
— toto ſurget gens aurea mundo!
— incipient magni procedere menſes!
Aſpice, venturo lætentur ut omnia ſæclo! etc.

The reader needs only to turn to the paſſages of Iſaiah, here cited. P.

* *Ch. lxv. v. 25.* † Ch. lx. v. 1. ‡ Ch. lx. v. 4.

In crouding ranks on ev'ry ſide ariſe,
Demanding life, impatient for the ſkies!
See barb'rous * nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars throng'd with proſtrate kings
And heap'd with products of † Sabæan ſprings!
For thee Idume's ſpicy foreſts blow,
And ſeeds of gold in Ophyr's mountains glow.
See heav'n its ſparkling portals wide diſplay,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!
No more the riſing ‡ Sun ſhall gild the morn,
Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her ſilver horn;
But loſt, diſſolv'd in thy ſuperior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflows thy courts: the Light himſelf ſhall ſhine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
The ‖ ſeas ſhall waſte, the ſkies in ſmoke decay,
Rocks fall to duſt, and mountains melt away;
But fix'd his word, his ſaving pow'r remains;
Thy realm for ever laſts, thy own MESSIAH reigns!

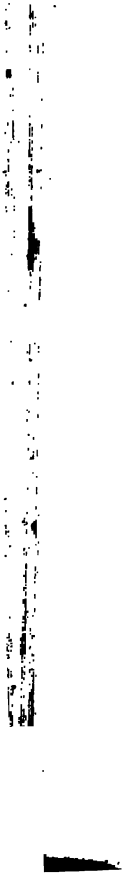
* Ch. lx. v. 3. † Ch lx. v. 6. ‡ Ch. lx. v. 19, 20.
‖ Ch. li. v. 6. and Ch liv. v. 10.

WINDSOR-FOREST.

To the Right Honourable

GEORGE Lord LANSDOWN.

Non injuſſa cano: Te noſtræ, *Vare*, myricæ,
Te *Nemus* omne canet; nec Phœbo gratior ulla eſt,
Quam ſibi quæ *Vari* præſcripſit pagina nomen.
VIRG.



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S. Wale inv: et del: J. S. Müller

My humble Muse, in unambitious Stra
Paints the green Forests & the flowry Pla

WINDSOR-FOREST.

To the Right Honourable

GEORGE Lord LANSDOWN.

THY foreſts, Windſor! and thy green retreats,
At once the Monarch's and the Muſe's ſeats,
Invite my lays. Be preſent, ſylvan maids!
Unlock your ſprings, and open all your ſhades.
GRANVILLE commands; your aid, O Muſes, bring!
What Muſe for GRANVILLE can refuſe to ſing?
The Groves of Eden, vaniſh'd now ſo long,
Live in deſcription, and look green in ſong:
Theſe,

This Poem was written at two different times: the firſt part of it, which relates to the country, in the year 1704, at the ſame time with the Paſtorals: the latter part was not added till the year 1713, in which it was publiſhed. P.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 3, etc. originally thus,

Chaſte Goddeſs of the woods,
Nymphs of the vales, and Naiads of the floods,
Lead me thro' arching bow'rs, and glimm'ring glades.
Unlock your ſprings — P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 6. *neget quis carmina Gallo?* VIRG.

Theſe, were my breaſt inſpir'd with equal flame,
Like them in beauty, ſhould be like in fame.
Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
Here earth and water ſeem to ſtrive again;
Not Chaos-like together cruſh'd and bruis'd,
But, as the world, harmoniouſly confus'd:
Where order in variety we ſee,
And where, tho' all things differ, all agree.
Here waving groves a chequer'd ſcene diſplay,
And part admit, and part exclude the day;
As ſome coy nymph her lover's warm addreſs
Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repreſs.
There, interſpers'd in lawns and op'ning glades,
Thin trees ariſe that ſhun each other's ſhades.
Here in full light the ruſſet plains extend:
There wrapt in clouds the blueiſh hills aſcend.
Ev'n the wild heath diſplays her purple dyes,
And 'midſt the deſart fruitful fields ariſe,
That crown'd with tufted trees and ſpringing corn,
Like verdant iſles the ſable waſte adorn.
Let India boaſt her plants, nor envy we
The weeping amber or the balmy tree,
While by our oaks the precious loads are born,
And realms commanded which thoſe trees adorn.

Not

VARIATIONS.

VER. 25. Originally thus;

Why ſhould I ſing our better ſuns or air,
Whoſe vital draughts prevent the leach's care,
While thro' freſh fields th' enliv'ning odours breathe,
Or ſpread with vernal blooms the purple heath? P.

Not proud Olympus yields a nobler ſight,
Tho' Gods aſſembled grace his tow'ring height,
Than what more humble mountains offer here,
Where, in their bleſſings, all thoſe Gods appear.
See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crown'd,
Here bluſhing Flora paints th' enamel'd ground,
Here Ceres' gifts in waving proſpect ſtand,
And nodding tempt the joyful reapers hand;
Rich Induſtry ſits ſmiling on the plains,
And peace and plenty tell, a STUART reigns.
Not thus the land appear'd in ages paſt,
A dreary deſert, and a gloomy waſte,
To ſavage beaſts and ſavage laws a prey,
And kings more furious and ſevere than they;
Who claim'd the ſkies, diſpeopled air and floods,
The lonely lords of empty wilds and woods:
Cities laid waſte, they ſtorm'd the dens and caves,
(For wiſer brutes were backward to be ſlaves.)
What could be free, when lawleſs beaſts obey'd,
And ev'n the elements a Tyrant ſway'd?

In

VER. 33. *Not proud Olympus, etc.*] Sir J. Denham, in his Cooper's Hill, had ſaid,

Than which a nobler weight no mountain bears,
But Atlas only, which ſupports the ſpheres.

The compariſon is childiſh, for this ſtory of Atlas being fabulous, leaves no room for a compliment. OurPoet has been more artful (though he employs as fabulous a circumſtance in his compariſon) by ſhewing in what the nobility of the hills of Windſor-Foreſt conſiſts —

Where, in their bleſſings, all thoſe Gods appear, etc.

not to ſpeak of the beautiful turn of wit.

VER. 45. *ſavage laws*] The Foreſt Laws.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 49. Originally thus in the MS.

In vain kind ſeaſons ſwell'd the teeming grain,
Soft ſhow'rs diſtill'd, and ſuns grew warm in vain;
The ſwain with tears his fruſtrate labour yields,
And famiſh'd dies amidſt his ripen'd fields.
What wonder then, a beaſt or ſubject ſlain
Were equal crimes in a deſpotic reign?
Both doom'd alike, for ſportive Tyrants bled,
But while the ſubject ſtarv'd, the beaſt was fed.
Proud Nimrod firſt the bloody chace began,
A mighty hunter, and his prey was man:
Our haughty Norman boaſts that barb'rous name,
And makes his trembling ſlaves the royal game.
The fields are raviſh'd from th' induſtrious ſwains,
From men their cities, and from Gods their fanes:
The levell'd towns with weeds lie cover'd o'er;
The hollow winds thro' naked temples roar;
Round broken columns claſping ivy twin'd;
O'er heaps of ruin ſtalk'd the ſtately hind;

The

VER. 65. *The fields are raviſh'd, etc*] Alluding to the deſtruction made in the New Foreſt, and the tyrannies exerciſed there by William I. P.

VARIATIONS.

From towns laid waſte, to dens and caves they ran
(For who firſt ſtoop'd to be a ſlave was man.)

VER. 57, *etc.*

No wonder ſavages or ſubjects ſlain —
But ſubjects ſtarv'd while ſavages were fed.

It was originally thus, but the word ſavages is not properly applied to beaſts but to men; which occaſioned the alteration. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 65. *The fields were raviſh'd from th' induſtrious ſwains, From men their cities, and from Gods their fanes:*

Tran-

The fox obſcene to gaping tombs retires,
And ſavage howlings fill the ſacred quires.
Aw'd by his Nobles, by his Commons curſt,
Th'Oppreſſor rul'd tyrannic where he durſt,
Stretch'd o'er the Poor and Church his iron rod,
And ſerv'd alike his Vaſſals and his God.
Whom ev'n the Saxon ſpar'd and bloody Dane,
The wanton victims of his ſport remain.
But ſee, the man who ſpacious regions gave
A waſte for beaſts, himſelf deny'd a grave!
Stretch'd on the lawn his ſecond hope ſurvey,
At once the chaſer, and at once the prey:
Lo Rufus, tugging at the deadly dart,
Bleeds in the foreſt like a wounded hart.
Succeeding monarchs heard the ſubjects cries,
Nor ſaw diſpleas'd the peaceful cottage riſe.

VER. 80 *himſelf deny'd a grave!*] The place of his interment at Caen in Normandy was claimed by a gentleman as his inheritance, the moment his ſervants were going to put him in his tomb: ſo that they were obliged to compound with the owner before they could perform the King's obſequies.

VER. 81. *ſecond hope*] Richard, ſecond ſon of William the Conqueror.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 72. And wolves with howling fill, *etc.*

The Author thought this an error, wolves not being common in England at the time of the Conqueror. P.

IMITATIONS.

Tranſlated from,

Templa adimit divis, fora civibus, arva coloris,

an old monkiſh writer, I forget who. P.

Then gath'ring flocks on unknown mountains fed,
O'er ſandy wilds were yellow harveſts ſpread,
The foreſts wonder'd at th' unuſual grain,
And ſecret tranſport touch'd the conſcious ſwain.
Fair Liberty, Britannia's Goddeſs, rears
Her chearful head, and leads the golden years.
Ye vig'rous ſwains! while youth ferments your blood,
And purer ſpirits ſwell the ſprightly flood,
Now range the hills, the gameful woods beſet,
Wind the ſhrill horn, or ſpread the waving net.
When milder autumn ſummer's heat ſucceeds,
And in the new-ſhorn field the partridge feeds,
Before his lord the ready ſpaniel bounds,
Panting with hope, he tries the furrow'd grounds;
But when the tainted gales the game betray,
Couch'd cloſe he lies, and meditates the prey:
Secure

VARIATIONS.

VER. 91.

Oh may no more a foreign maſter's rage,
With wrongs yet legal, curſe a future age!
Still ſpread, fair Liberty! thy heav'nly wings,
Breath plenty on the fields, and fragrance on the ſprings. P.

VER. 97.

When yellow autumn ſummer's heat ſucceeds,
And into wine the purple harveſt bleeds *,
The partridge feeding in the new-ſhorn fields,
Both morning ſports and ev'ning pleaſures yields.

* Perhaps the Author thought it not allowable to deſcribe the ſeaſon by a circumſtance not proper to our climate, the vintage. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 89. Miraturque novas frondes et non ſua poma.

Virg.

Secure they truſt th' unfaithful field beſet,
'Till hov'ring o'er 'em ſweeps the ſwelling net.
Thus (if ſmall things we may with great compare)
When Albion ſends her eager ſons to war,
Some thoughtleſs Town, with eaſe and plenty bleſt,
Near, and more near, the cloſing lines inveſt;
Sudden they ſeize th' amaz'd, defenceleſs prize,
And high in air Britannia's ſtandard flies,

See! from the brake the whirring pheaſant ſprings,
And mounts exulting on triumphant wings:
Short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,
Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
Ah! what avail his gloſſy, varying dyes,
His purple creſt, and ſcarlet-circled eyes,
The vivid green his ſhining plumes unfold,
His painted wings, and breaſt that flames with gold?

Nor yet, when moiſt Arcturus clouds the ſky,
The woods and fields their pleaſing toils deny.
To plains with well-breath'd beagles we repair,
And trace the mazes of the circling hare:
(Beaſts, urg'd by us, their fellow-beaſts purſue,
And learn of man each other to undo.)

VARIATIONS.

VER. 107. It ſtood thus in the firſt Editions,

Pleas'd, in the Gen'ral's ſight, the hoſt lie down
Sudden before ſome unſuſpecting town;
The young, the old, one inſtant makes our prize,
And o'er their captive heads Britannia's ſtandard flies.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 115. *nec te tua plurima, Pantheu,*
Labentem pietas, vel Apollinis infula texit. Virg.

With ſlaught'ring guns th' unweary'd fowler rov
When froſts have whiten'd all the naked groves
Where doves in flocks the leafleſs trees o'erſhade,
And lonely woodcocks haunt the wat'ry glade.
He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye;
Strait a ſhort thunder breaks the frozen ſky:
Oft, as in airy rings they ſkim the heath,
The clam'rous Lapwings feel the leaden death:
Oft, as the mounting larks their notes prepare,
They fall, and leave their little lives in air.

In genial ſpring, beneath the quiv'ring ſhade,
Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead,
The patient fiſher takes his ſilent ſtand,
Intent, his angle trembling in his hand:
With looks unmov'd, he hopes the ſcaly breed,
And eyes the dancing cork, and bending reed.
Our plenteous ſtreams a various race ſupply,
The bright-ey'd perch with fins of Tyrian dye,
The ſilver eel, in ſhining volumes roll'd,
The yellow carp in ſcales bedrop'd with gold,
Swift trouts, diverſify'd with crimſon ſtains,
And pykes, the tyrants of the watry plains.

Now Cancer glows with Phœbus' fiery car:
The youth ruſh eager to the ſylvan war,

Swa

VARIATIONS.

VER. 126. O'er ruſtling leaves around the na groves.

VER. 129. The fowler lifts his levell'd tube on high

IMITATIONS.

VER. 134. *Præcipites alta vitam ſub nube relinqu*

Swarm o'er the lawns, the foreſt walks ſurround,
Rouze the fleet hart, and chear the opening hound.
Th' impatient courſer pants in ev'ry vein,
And pawing, ſeems to beat the diſtant plain:
Hills, vales, and floods appear already croſs'd,
And e'er he ſtarts, a thouſand ſteps are loſt.
See the bold youth ſtrain up the threat'ning ſteep,
Ruſh thro' the thickets, down the valleys ſweep,
Hang o'er their courſers heads with eager ſpeed,
And earth rolls back beneath the flying ſteed.
Let old Arcadia boaſt her ample plain,
Th' immortal huntreſs, and her virgin train;
Nor envy, Windſor! ſince thy ſhades have ſeen
As bright a Goddeſs, and as chaſte a QUEEN;
Whoſe care, like hers, protects the ſylvan reign,
The Earth's fair light, and Empreſs of the Main.
Here too, 'tis ſung, of old Diana ſtray'd,
And Cynthus' top forſook for Windſor ſhade;

VER. 162. Queen ANNE.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 151. *Th' impatient courſer, etc.*] Tranſlated from Statius,

Stare adeo miſerum eſt, pereunt veſtigia mille
Ante fugam, abſentemque ferit gravis ungula campum.

Theſe lines Mr. Dryden, in his preface to his tranſlation of Freſnoy's Art of painting, calls *wonderfully fine*, and ſays *they would coſt him an hour, if he had the leiſure to tranſlate them, there is ſo much of beauty in the original*; which was the reaſon, I ſuppoſe, why Mr. P. tried his ſtrength with them.

VER. 158. *and earth rolls back*] He has improved his original,

terræque urbeſque recedunt. Virg.

Here was ſhe ſeen o'er airy waſtes to rove,
Seek the clear ſpring, or haunt the pathleſs grove;
Here arm'd with ſilver bows, in early dawn,
Her buſkin'd Virgins trac'd the dewy lawn.
Above the reſt a rural nymph was fam'd,
Thy offspring, Thames! the fair Lodona nam'd;
(Lodona's fate, in long oblivion caſt,
The Muſe ſhall ſing, and what ſhe ſings ſhall laſt.)
Scarce could the Goddeſs from her nymph be known,
But by the creſcent and the golden zone.
She ſcorn'd the praiſe of beauty, and the care;
A belt her waiſt, a fillet binds her hair;
A painted quiver on her ſhoulder ſounds,
And with her dart the flying deer ſhe wounds.
It chanc'd, as eager of the chace, the maid
Beyond the foreſt's verdant limits ſtray'd,
Pan ſaw and lov'd, and burning with deſire
Purſu'd her flight, her flight increas'd his fire.
Not half ſo ſwift the trembling doves can fly,
When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid ſky;
Not half ſo ſwiftly the fierce eagle moves,
When thro' the clouds he drives the trembling doves;
As from the God ſhe flew with furious pace,
Or as the God, more furious, urg'd the chace.

Now

IMITATIONS.

VER. 175.

Nec poſitu variare comas; ubi fibula veſtem,
Vitta coercuerat neglectos alba capillos. Ovid.

VER. 183, 186.

Ut fugere accipitrem penna trepidante columbæ,
Ut ſolet accipiter trepidas agitare columbas. Ovid.

Now fainting, ſinking, pale, the nymph appears;
Now cloſe behind, his ſounding ſteps ſhe hears;
And now his ſhadow reach'd her as ſhe run,
His ſhadow lengthen'd by the ſetting ſun;
And now his ſhorter breath, with ſultry air,
Pants on her neck, and fans her parting hair.
In vain on father Thames ſhe calls for aid,
Nor could Diana help her injur'd maid.
Faint, breathleſs, thus ſhe pray'd, nor pray'd in vain;
"Ah Cynthia! ah—tho' baniſh'd from thy train,
"Let me, O let me, to the ſhades repair,
"My native ſhades--there weep, and murmur there.
She ſaid, and melting as in tears ſhe lay,
In a ſoft, ſilver ſtream diſſolv'd away.
The ſilver ſtream her virgin coldneſs keeps,
For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps;
Still bears the name the hapleſs virgin bore,
And bathes the foreſt where ſhe rang'd before.
In her chaſte current oft the Goddeſs laves,
And with celeſtial tears augments the waves.
Oft in her glaſs the muſing ſhepherd ſpies
The headlong mountains and the downward ſkies,
The watry landſkip of the pendant woods,
And abſent trees that tremble in the floods;

In

VER. 205. *Still bears the name*] The River Loddon.

VER. 209. *Oft in her glaſs, etc.*] Theſe ſix lines were added after the firſt writing of this poem. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 191, 194.

Sol erat a tergo: vidi præcedere longam
Ante pedes umbram: niſi ſi timor illa videbat.
Sed certe ſonituque pedum terrebar; et ingens
Crinales vittas afflabat anhelitus oris.

In the clear azure gleam the flocks are ſeen,
And floating foreſts paint the waves with green,
Thro' the fair ſcene roll ſlow the ling'ring ſtreams,
Then foaming pour along, and ruſh into the Thames.
Thou too, great father of the Britiſh floods!
With joyful pride ſurvey'ſt our lofty woods;
Where tow'ring oaks their growing honours rear,
And future navies on thy ſhores appear,
Not Neptune's ſelf from all her ſtreams receives
A wealthier tribute, than to thine he gives.
No ſeas ſo rich, ſo gay no banks appear,
No lake ſo gentle, and no ſpring ſo clear.
Nor Po ſo ſwells the fabling Poet's lays,
While led along the ſkies his current ſtrays,
As thine, which viſits Windſor's fam'd abodes,
To grace the manſion of our earthly Gods:
Nor all his ſtars above a luſtre ſhow,
Like the bright Beauties on thy banks below;
Where Jove, ſubdu'd by mortal Paſſion ſtill,
Might change Olympus for a nobler hill.
Happy the man whom this bright Court approves,
His Sov'reign favours, and his Country loves:
Happy

VARIATIONS.

VER. 231. It ſtood thus in the MS.

And force great Jove, if Jove's a lover ſtill,
To change Olympus, etc.

VER. 233.

Happy the man, who to the ſhades retires,
But doubly happy, if the Muſe inſpires!
Bleſt whom the ſweets of home-felt quiet pleaſe;
But far more bleſt, who ſtudy joins with eaſe. P.

Happy next him, who to theſe ſhades retires,
Whom Nature charms, and whom the Muſe inſpires;
Whom humbler joys of home-felt quiet pleaſe,
Succeſſive ſtudy, exerciſe, and eaſe.
He gathers health from herbs the foreſt yields,
And of their fragrant phyſic ſpoils the fields:
With chymic art exalts the min'ral pow'rs,
And draws the aromatic ſouls of flow'rs:
Now marks the courſe of rolling orbs on high;
O'er figur'd worlds now travels with his eye;
Of ancient writ unlocks the learned ſtore,
Conſults the dead, and lives paſt ages o'er:
Or wand'ring thoughtful in the ſilent wood,
Attends the duties of the wiſe and good,
T'obſerve a mean, be to himſelf a friend,
To follow nature, and regard his end;
Or looks on heav'n with more than mortal eyes,
Bids his free ſoul expatiate in the ſkies,
Amid her kindred ſtars familiar roam,
Survey the region, and confeſs her home!
Such was the life great Scipio once admir'd,
Thus Atticus, and TRUMBAL thus retir'd.

Ye ſacred Nine! that all my ſoul poſſeſs,
Whoſe raptures fire me, and whoſe viſions bleſs,
Bear me, oh bear me to ſequeſter'd ſcenes,
The bow'ry mazes, and ſurrounding greens:
To Thames's banks which fragrant breezes fill,
Or where ye Muſes ſport on COOPER'S HILL.

(On

IMITATIONS.

VER. 249, 50. *Servare modum finemque tenere, Naturamque ſequi.* Lucr.

VER. 259. *O qui me gelidis, etc.* Virg.

(On COOPER'S HILL eternal wreaths ſhall grow,
While laſts the mountain, or while Thames ſhall flow)
I ſeem thro' conſecrated walks to rove,
I hear ſoft muſic die along the grove:
Led by the ſound, I roam from ſhade to ſhade,
By god-like Poets venerable made:
Here his firſt lays majeſtic DENHAM ſung;
There the laſt numbers flow'd from COWLEY'S tongue.
O early loſt! what tears the river ſhed,
When the ſad pomp along his banks was led?
His drooping ſwans on ev'ry note expire,
And on his willows hung each Muſe's lyre.
Since fate relentleſs ſtop'd their heav'nly voice,
No more the foreſts ring, or groves rejoice;
Who now ſhall charm the ſhades, where COWLEY ſtrung
His living harp, and lofty DENHAM ſung?

But

VER. 270. *There the laſt numbers flow'd from Cowley's tongue*] Mr. Cowley died at Chertſey, on the borders of the foreſt, and was from thence convey'd to Weſtminſter. P.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 265. It ſtood thus in the MS.

Methinks around your holy ſcenes I rove,
And hear your muſic echoing thro' the grove:
With tranſport viſit each inſpiring ſhade
By God-like Poets venerable made.

VER. 273.

What ſighs, what murmurs fill'd the vocal ſhore!
His tuneful ſwans were heard to ſing no more. P.

But hark! the groves rejoice, the foreſt rings!
Are theſe reviv'd? or is it GRANVILLE ſings?
'Tis yours, my Lord, to bleſs our ſoft retreats,
And call the Muſes to their ancient ſeats;
To paint anew the flow'ry ſylvan ſcenes,
To crown the foreſts with immortal greens,
Make Windſor-hills in lofty numbers riſe,
And lift her turrets nearer to the ſkies;
To ſing thoſe honours you deſerve to wear,
And add new luſtre to her ſilver ſtar.

Here noble SURREY felt the ſacred rage,
SURREY, the GRANVILLE of a former age:
Matchleſs his pen, victorious was his lance,
Bold in the liſts, and graceful in the dance:
In the ſame ſhades the Cupids tun'd his lyre,
To the ſame notes, of love, and ſoft deſire:
Fair Geraldine, bright object of his vow,
Then fill'd the groves, as heav'nly Mira now.

Oh would'ſt thou ſing what Heroes Windſor bore,
What Kings firſt breath'd upon her winding ſhore,
Or raiſe old warriours, whoſe ador'd remains
In weeping vaults her hallow'd earth contains!

With

VER. 289. *Here noble Surrey*] Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, one of the firſt refiners of the Engliſh poetry; who flouriſh'd in the time of Henry VIII. P.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 288. *her ſilver ſtar*] All the lines that follow were not added to the poem till the year 1710. What immediately followed this, and made the Concluſion, were theſe,

My humble Muſe in unambitious ſtrains
Paints the green foreſts and the flow'ry plains;

Where

With Edward's acts adorn the ſhining page,
Stretch his long triumphs down thro' ev'ry age,
Draw Monarchs chain'd, and Creſſi's glorious field,
The lillies blazing on the regal ſhield:
Then, from her roofs when Verrio's colours fall,
And leave inanimate the naked wall,
Still in thy ſong ſhould vanquiſh'd France appear,
And bleed for ever under Britain's ſpear.
Let ſofter ſtrains ill-fated Henry mourn,
And palms eternal flouriſh round his urn.
Here o'er the Martyr-King the marble weeps,
And faſt beſide him, once-fear'd Edward ſleeps:
Whom not th' extended Albion could contain,
From old Belerium to the northern main,
The grave unites; where ev'n the Great find reſt,
And blended lie th' oppreſſor and th' oppreſt!
Make ſacred Charles's tomb for ever known,
(Obſcure the place, and un-inſcrib'd the ſtone)
Oh

VER. 301. *Edward's acts*] Edward III. born here. P.
VER. 309. *Henry mourn*] Henry VI. P.
VER. 312. *once-fear'd Edward ſleeps:*] Edw. IV. P.

VARIATIONS.

Where I obſcurely paſs my careleſs days,
Pleas'd in the ſilent ſhade with empty praiſe,
Enough for me that to the liſt'ning ſwains
First in theſe fields I ſung the ſylvan ſtrains. P.

VER. 305. Originally thus in the MS.

When Braſs decays, when Trophies lie o'erthrown,
And mould'ring into duſt *drops the proud ſtone.*

Oh fact accurſt! what tears has Albion ſhed,
Heav'ns, what new wounds! and how her old have bled?
She ſaw her ſons with purple death expire,
Her ſacred domes involv'd in rolling fire,
A dreadful ſeries of inteſtine wars,
Inglorious triumphs and diſhoneſt ſcars.
At length great ANNA ſaid—"Let Diſcord ceaſe!"
She ſaid, the world obey'd, and all was Peace!
In that bleſt moment from his oozy bed
Old father Thames advanc'd his rev'rend head.
His treſſes drop'd with dews, and o'er the ſtream
His ſhining horns diffus'd a golden gleam:
Grav'd on his urn appear'd the moon, that guides
His ſwelling waters, and alternate tides;

The

VARIATIONS.

VER. 319. Originally thus in the MS.

Oh fact accurſt! oh ſacrilegious brood,
Sworn to rebellion, principled in blood!
Since that dire morn what tears has Albion ſhed,
Gods! what new wounds, etc.

VER. 325. Thus in the MS.

Till Anna roſe and bade the Furies ceaſe;
Let there be Peace — ſhe ſaid, and all was *Peace.*

Between Verſe 328 and 329, originally ſtood theſe lines,

From ſhore to ſhore exulting ſhouts he heard,
O'er all his banks a lambent light appear'd,
With ſparkling flames heav'n's glowing concave ſhone,
Fictitious ſtars, and glories not her own.
He ſaw, and gently roſe above the ſtream;
His ſhining horns diffuſe a golden gleam:
With pearl and gold his tow'ry front was dreſt,
The *tributes* of the diſtant Eaſt and Weſt.

P.

The figur'd ſtreams in waves of ſilver roll'd,
And on their banks Auguſta roſe in gold.
Around his throne the ſea-born brothers ſtood,
Who ſwell with tributary urns his flood;
Firſt the fam'd authors of his ancient name,
The winding Iſis and the fruitful Tame:
The Kennet ſwift, for ſilver eels renown'd;
The Loddon ſlow, with verdant alders crown'd;
Cole, whoſe dark ſtreams his flow'ry iſlands lave;
And chalky Wey, that rolls a milky wave:
The blue, tranſparent Vandalis appears;
The gulphy Lee his ſedgy treſſes rears;
And ſullen Mole, that hides his diving flood;
And ſilent Darent, ſtain'd with Daniſh blood.

High in the midſt, upon his urn reclin'd,
(His ſea-green mantle waving with the wind)
The God appear'd: he turn'd his azure eyes
Where Windſor-domes and pompous turrets riſe;
Then bow'd and ſpoke; the winds forget to roar,
And the huſh'd waves glide ſoftly to the ſhore.

Hail, ſacred Peace! hail long-expected days,
That Thames's glory to the ſtars ſhall raiſe!
Tho' Tyber's ſtreams immortal Rome behold,
Tho' foaming Hermus ſwells with tides of gold,
From heav'n itſelf tho' ſev'n-fold Nilus flows,
And harveſts on a hundred realms beſtows;
Theſe now no more ſhall be the Muſe's themes,
Loſt in my fame, as in the ſea their ſtreams.

Let Volga's banks with iron ſquadrons ſhine,
And groves of lances glitter on the Rhine,
Let barb'rous Ganges arm a ſervile train;
Be mine the bleſſings of a peaceful reign.
No more my ſons ſhall die with Britiſh blood
Red Iber's ſands, or Iſter's foaming flood:
Safe on my ſhore each unmoleſted ſwain
Shall tend the flocks, or reap the bearded grain;
The ſhady empire ſhall retain no trace
Of war or blood, but in the ſylvan chace;
The trumpet ſleep, while chearful horns are blown,
And arms employ'd on birds and beaſts alone.
Behold! th' aſcending Villa's on my ſide,
Project long ſhadows o'er the cryſtal tide,
Behold! Auguſta's glitt'ring ſpires increaſe,
And Temple's riſe, the beauteous works of Peace.
I ſee, I ſee, where two fair cities bend
Their ample bow, a new Whitehall aſcend!
There mighty Nations ſhall enquire their doom,
The World's great Oracle in times to come;
There Kings ſhall ſue, and ſuppliant States be ſeen
Once more to bend before a BRITISH QUEEN.
Thy trees, fair Windſor! now ſhall leave their woods,
And half thy foreſts ruſh into thy floods,

VER. 376 *And Temples riſe,*] The fifty new Churches. P.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 361. Originally thus in the MS.

Let Venice boaſt her Tow'rs amidſt the Main,
Where the rough Adrian ſwells and roars in vain;
Here not a Town, but ſpacious Realm ſhall have
A ſure foundation on the rolling wave.

Bear Britain's thunder, and her Croſs diſplay,
To the bright regions of the riſing day;
Tempt icy ſeas, where ſcarce the waters roll,
Where clearer flames glow round the frozen Pole;
Or under ſouthern ſkies exalt their ſails,
Led by new ſtars, and borne by ſpicy gales!
For me the balm ſhall bleed, and amber flow,
The coral redden, and the ruby glow,
The pearly ſhell its lucid globe infold,
And Phœbus warm the rip'ning ore to gold.
The time ſhall come, when free as ſeas or wind
Unbounded Thames ſhall flow for all mankind,
Whole nations enter with each ſwelling tide,
And ſeas but join the regions they divide;
Earth's diſtant ends our glory ſhall behold,
And the new world launch forth to ſeek the old.
Then ſhips of uncouth form ſhall ſtem the tide,
And feather'd people croud my wealthy ſide,

And

VER. 388. *Where clearer flames glow round the frozen Pole.*] The Poet is here recommending the *advantages of commerce*, and therefore the extremities of heat and cold are not repreſented in a forbidding manner: as again,

Or under ſouthern ſkies exalt their ſails,
Led by new ſtars, and borne by ſpicy gales.

But in the Dunciad, where the *miſchief of Dulneſs* is deſcribed, they are painted in all their inclemencies,

See round the Poles where keener *ſpangles ſhine,*
Where ſpices ſmoke beneath the burning *line.*

VER. 396. *Unbounded Thames, etc.*] A wiſh that London may be made a FREE PORT. P.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 383, etc. were originally thus,

Now ſhall our fleets the bloody Croſs diſplay
To the rich regions of the riſing day,

And naked youths and painted chiefs admire
Our ſpeech, our colour, and our ſtrange attire!
Oh ſtretch thy reign, fair Peace! from ſhore to ſhore,
'Till Conqueſt ceaſe, and Slav'ry be no more;
'Till the freed Indians in their native groves
Reap their own fruits, and woo their ſable loves,
Peru once more a race of Kings behold,
And other Mexico's be roof'd with gold.
Exil'd by thee from earth to deepeſt hell,
In brazen bonds, ſhall barb'rous Diſcord dwell;
Gigantic Pride, pale Terror, gloomy Care,
And mad Ambition ſhall attend her there:
There purple Vengeance bath'd in gore retires,
Her weapons blunted, and extinct her fires:
There hateful Envy her own ſnakes ſhall feel,
And Perſecution mourn her broken wheel:
There Faction roar, Rebellion bite her chain,
And gaſping Furies thirſt for blood in vain.
Here ceaſe thy flight, nor with unhallow'd lays
Touch the fair fame of Albion's golden days:
The thoughts of Gods let GRANVILLE's verſe recite,
And bring the ſcenes of op'ning fate to light.
My humble Muſe, in unambitious ſtrains
Paints the green foreſts and the flow'ry plains,

VARIATIONS.

Or thoſe green iſles, where headlong Titan ſteeps
His hiſſing axle in th' Atlantic deeps?
Tempt icy ſeas, etc. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 421.

Quo, Muſa, tendis? deſine pervicax
Referre ſermones Deorum et
Magna modis tenuare parvis. Hor.

Where Peace deſcending bids her olives ſpring,
And ſcatters bleſſings from her dove-like wing.
Ev'n I more ſweetly paſs my careleſs days,
Pleas'd in the ſilent ſhade with empty praiſe;
Enough for me, that to the liſt'ning ſwains
Firſt in theſe fields I ſung the ſylvan ſtrains.

ODE

ON

ST. CECILIA's DAY,

MDCCVIII.

AND OTHER

PIECES for MUSIC.

ODE for MUSIC

ON

ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

I.

DEſcend, ye Nine! deſcend and ſing;
The breathing inſtruments inſpire,
Wake into voice each ſilent ſtring,
And ſweep the ſounding lyre!
In a ſadly-pleaſing ſtrain
Let the warbling lute complain:
Let the loud trumpet ſound,
'Till the roofs all around
The ſhrill echos rebound:

Ode for Muſic.] This is one of the moſt artful as well as ſublime of our Poet's ſmaller compoſitions. The *firſt* ſtanza is a deſcription of the various tones and meaſures in muſic. The *ſecond* relates their power over the ſeveral paſſions in general. The *third*, their uſe in inſpiring the Heroic paſſions in particular. The *fourth*, *fifth*, and *ſixth*, their power over all nature in the fable of Orpheus's expedition to hell; which ſubject of illuſtration aroſe naturally out of the preceding mention of the Argonautic expedition, where Orpheus gives an example of the uſe of Muſic to inſpire the heroic paſſions. The *ſeventh* and laſt concludes *in* praiſe of Muſic, and the advantages of *the ſacred above* the prophane.

While in more lengthen'd notes and ſlow,
The deep, majeſtic, ſolemn organs blow.
Hark! the numbers ſoft and clear,
Gently ſteal upon the ear;
Now louder, and yet louder riſe
And fill with ſpreading ſounds the ſkies;
Exulting in triumph now ſwell the bold notes,
In broken air, trembling, the wild muſic floats;
'Till, by degrees, remote and ſmall,
The ſtrains decay,
And melt away,
In a dying, dying fall.

II.

By Muſic, minds an equal temper know,
Nor ſwell too high, nor ſink too low.
If in the breaſt tumultuous joys ariſe,
Muſic her ſoft, aſſuaſive voice applies;
Or, when the ſoul is preſs'd with cares,
Exalts her in enlivening airs.
Warriors ſhe fires with animated ſounds;
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds:
Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus rouzes from his bed,
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
Liſt'ning Envy drops her ſnakes;
Inteſtine war no more our Paſſions wage,
And giddy Factions hear away their rage.

III.

But when our Country's cauſe provokes to Arms,
How martial muſic ev'ry boſom warms!

So

So when the firſt bold veſſel dar'd the ſeas,
High on the ſtern the Thracian rais'd his ſtrain,
While Argo ſaw her kindred trees
Deſcend from Pelion to the main.
Tranſported demi-gods ſtood round,
And men grew heroes at the ſound,
Enflam'd with glory's charms:
Each chief his ſev'nfold ſhield diſplay'd,
And half unſheath'd the ſhining blade:
And ſeas, and rocks, and ſkies rebound
To arms, to arms, to arms!

IV.

But when thro' all th' infernal bounds,
Which flaming Phlegeton ſurrounds,
Love, ſtrong as Death, the Poet led
To the pale nations of the dead,
What ſounds were heard,
What ſcenes appear'd,
O'er all the dreary coaſts!
Dreadful gleams,
Diſmal ſcreams,
Fires that glow,
Shrieks of woe,
Sullen moans,
Hollow groans,
And cries of tortur'd ghoſts!
But hark! he ſtrikes the golden lyre;
And ſee! the tortur'd ghoſts reſpire,
See, ſhady forms advance!
Thy ſtone, O Syſiphus, ſtands ſtill,
Ixion reſts upon his wheel,
And the pale ſpectres dance!

The Furies ſink upon their iron beds,
And ſnakes uncurl'd hang liſt'ning round their heads.

V.

By the ſtreams that ever flow,
By the fragrant winds that blow
O'er th' Elyſian flow'rs;
By thoſe happy ſouls who dwell
In yellow meads of Aſphodel,
Or Amaranthine bow'rs;
By the hero's armed ſhades,
Glitt'ring thro' the gloomy glades;
By the youths that dy'd for love,
Wand'ring in the myrtle grove,
Reſtore, reſtore Eurydice to life:
Oh take the huſband, or return the wife!

He ſung, and hell conſented
To hear the Poet's prayer;
Stern Proſerpine relented,
And gave him back the fair.
Thus ſong could prevail
O'er death, and o'er hell,
A conqueſt how hard and how glorious?
Tho' fate had faſt bound her,
With Styx nine times round her,
Yet muſic and love were victorious.

VI.

But ſoon, too ſoon, the lover turns his eyes:
Again ſhe falls, again ſhe dies, ſhe dies!
How wilt thou now the fatal ſiſters move?
No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.

Now under hanging mountains,
Beside the falls of fountains,
Or where Hebrus wanders,
Rolling in Mæanders,
All alone,
Unheard, unknown,
He makes his moan;
And calls her ghoſt,
For ever, ever, ever loſt!
Now with Furies ſurrounded,
Deſpairing, confounded,
He trembles, he glows,
Amidſt Rhodope's ſnows:
See, wild as the winds, o'er the deſart he flies;
Hark! Hæmus reſounds with the Bacchanals cries—
Ah ſee, he dies!
Yet ev'n in death Eurydice he ſung,
Eurydice ſtill trembled on his tongue,
Eurydice the woods,
Eurydice the floods,
Eurydice the rocks, and hollow mountains rung.

VII.

Muſic the fierceſt grief can charm,
And fate's ſevereſt rage diſarm:
Muſic can ſoften pain to eaſe,
And make deſpair and madneſs pleaſe:
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliſs above.
This the divine Cecilia found,
And to her Maker's praiſe confin'd the ſound.

When

When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
Th' immortal pow'rs incline their ear;
Borne on the ſwelling notes our ſouls aſpire,
While ſolemn airs improve the ſacred fire;
And Angels lean from heav'n to hear.
Of Orpheus now no more let Poets tell,
To bright Cecilia greater power is giv'n;
His numbers rais'd a ſhade from hell,
Hers lift the ſoul to heav'n.

TWO

TWO CHORUS'S TO THE Tragedy of BRUTUS*.

CHORUS of ATHENIANS.

STROPHE I.

YE ſhades, where ſacred truth is ſought;
Groves, where immortal Sages taught:
Where heav'nly viſions Plato fir'd,
And Epicurus lay inſpir'd!
In vain your guiltleſs laurels ſtood
Unſpotted long with human blood.
War, horrid war, your thoughtful walks invades,
And ſteel now glitters in the Muſes ſhades.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Oh heav'n-born ſiſters! ſource of art!
Who charm the ſenſe, or mend the heart;
Who lead fair Virtue's train along,
Moral Truth, and myſtic Song!

To

* Altered from Shakeſpear by the Duke of Buckingham, at whoſe deſire theſe two Chorus's were compoſed to ſupply as many, wanting in his play. They were ſet *many years* afterwards by the famous Bononcini, and *performed* at Buckingham-houſe. P.

To what new clime, what diſtant ſky,
Forſaken, friendleſs, ſhall ye fly?
Say, will ye bleſs the bleak Atlantic ſhore?
Or bid the furious Gaul be rude no more?

STROPHE II.

When Athens ſinks by fates unjuſt,
When wild Barbarians ſpurn her duſt;
Perhaps ev'n Britain's utmoſt ſhore
Shall ceaſe to bluſh with ſtranger's gore,
See Arts her ſavage ſons controul,
And Athens riſing near the pole!
'Till ſome new Tyrant lifts his purple hand,
And civil madneſs tears them from the land.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Ye Gods! what juſtice rules the ball?
Freedom and Arts together fall;
Fools grant whate'er Ambition craves,
And men, once ignorant, are ſlaves.
Oh curs'd effects of civil hate,
In ev'ry age, in ev'ry ſtate!
Still, when the luſt of tyrant power ſucceeds,
Some Athens periſhes, ſome Tully bleeds.

CHORUS of *Youths* and *Virgins*.

SEMICHORUS.

OH Tyrant Love! haſt thou poſſeſt
The prudent, learn'd, and virtuous breaſt?
Wiſdom and wit in vain reclaim,
And Arts but ſoften us to feel thy flame.
Love, ſoft intruder, enters here,
But entring learns to be ſincere.
Marcus with bluſhes owns he loves,
And Brutus tenderly reproves.
Why, Virtue, doſt thou blame deſire,
Which Nature has impreſt?
Why, Nature, doſt thou ſooneſt fire
The mild and gen'rous breaſt?

CHORUS.

Love's purer flames the Gods approve;
The Gods and Brutus bend to love:
Brutus for abſent Portia ſighs,
And ſterner Caſſius melts at Junia's eyes.
What is looſe love? a tranſient guſt,
Spent in a ſudden ſtorm of luſt,
A vapour fed from wild deſire,
A wand'ring, ſelf-conſuming fire.
But Hymen's kinder flames unite;
And burn for ever one;
Chaſte as cold Cynthia's virgin light,
Productive as the Sun.

VER. 9. *Why, Virtue, etc.*] In alluſion to that famous conceit of Guarini,

" Se il peccare è sì dolce, etc.

SE-

SEMICHORUS.

Oh ſource of ev'ry ſocial tye,
United wiſh, and mutual joy!
What various joys on one attend,
As ſon, as father, brother, huſband, friend?
Whether his hoary ſire he ſpies,
While thouſand grateful thoughts ariſe;
Or meets his ſpouſe's fonder eye;
Or views his ſmiling progeny;
What tender paſſions take their turns,
What home-felt raptures move?
His heart now melts, now leaps, now burns,
With rev'rence, hope, and love.

CHORUS.

Hence guilty joys, diſtaſtes, ſurmizes,
Hence falſe tears, deceits, diſguiſes,
Dangers, doubts, delays, ſurprizes;
Fires that ſcorch, yet dare not ſhine:
Pureſt love's unwaſting treaſure,
Conſtant faith, fair hope, long leiſure,
Days of eaſe, and nights of pleaſure;
Sacred Hymen! theſe are thine.

ODE on SOLITUDE*.

HAPPY the man, whoſe wiſh and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air,
In his own ground.

Whoſe herds with milk, whoſe fields with bread,
Whoſe flocks ſupply him with attire,
Whoſe trees in ſummer yield him ſhade,
In winter fire.

Bleſt, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years ſlide ſoft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,

Sound ſleep by night; ſtudy and eaſe,
Together mixt; ſweet recreation;
And innocence, which moſt does pleaſe
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unſeen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a ſtone
Tell where I lie.

* This was a very early production of our Author, written at about twelve years old. P.

The dying Chriſtian to his Soul.

ODE*.

I.

VITAL ſpark of heav'nly flame!
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliſs of dying!
Ceaſe, fond Nature, ceaſe thy ſtrife,
And let me languiſh into life.

II.

Hark! they whiſper; Angels ſay,
Siſter Spirit, come away.
What is this abſorbs me quite?
Steals my ſenſes, ſhuts my ſight,
Drowns my ſpirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my Soul, can this be Death?

III. The

* This ode was written in imitation of the famous ſonnet of Hadrian to his departing ſoul; but as much ſuperior in ſenſe and ſublimity to his original, as the *Chriſtian* Religion is to the *Pagan*.

III.

The world recedes; it diſappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
With ſounds ſeraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy Victory?
O Death! where is thy Sting?

A N

E S S A Y

O N

C R I T I C I S M.

Written in the Year M DCC IX.

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AN

AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

'TIS hard to ſay, if greater want of ſkill
Appear in writing or in judging ill;
But, of the two, leſs dang'rous is th' offence
To tire our patience, than miſlead our ſenſe.
Some few in that, but numbers err in this,
Ten cenſure wrong, for one who writes amiſs;
A fool might once himſelf alone expoſe,
Now one in verſe makes many more in proſe.
'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go juſt alike, yet each believes his own.
In Poets as true genius is but rare,
True Taſte as ſeldom is the Critic's ſhare;
Both muſt alike from Heav'n derive their light,
Theſe born to judge, as well as thoſe to write.

Let

Let ſuch teach others who themſelves excel,
And cenſure freely who have written well.
Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true,
But are not Critics to their judgment too?
Yet if we look more cloſely, we ſhall find
Moſt have the ſeeds of judgment in their mind:
Nature affords at leaſt a glimm'ring light;
The lines, tho' touch'd but faintly, are drawn right,
But as the ſlighteſt ſketch, if juſtly trac'd,
Is by ill-colouring but the more diſgrac'd,
So by falſe learning is good ſenſe defac'd:
Some are bewilder'd in the maze of ſchools,
And ſome made coxcombs Nature meant but fools.
In ſearch of wit theſe loſe their common ſenſe,
And then turn Critics in their own defence:

Each

VER. 15. *Let ſuch teach others.*] *Qui ſcribit artificioſe, ab aliis commode ſcripta facile intelligere poterit.* Cic. ad Herenn. lib. 4. *De pictore, ſculptore, fictore, niſi artifex, judicare non poteſt.* Pliny. P.

VER. 20. *Moſt have the ſeeds*] *Omnes tacito quodam ſenſu, ſine ulla arte, aut ratione, quæ ſint in artibus ac rationibus recta et prava dijudicant.* Cic. de Orat. lib. iii. P.

VER. 25. *So by falſe learning*] *Plus ſine doctrina prudentia, quam ſine prudentia valet doctrina.* Quint. P.

VARIATIONS.

Between v. 25 and 26 were theſe lines, ſince omitted by the author:

Many are ſpoil'd by that pedantic throng,
Who with great pains teach youth to reaſon wrong.
Tutors, like Virtuoſo's, oft inclin'd
By ſtrange tranſfuſion to improve the mind,
Draw off the ſenſe we have, to pour in new;
Which yet, with all their ſkill, they ne'er could do. P.

Each burns alike, who can, or cannot write,
Or with a Rival's, or an Eunuch's ſpite.
All fools have ſtill an itching to deride,
And fain would be upon the laughing ſide.
If Mævius ſcribble in Apollo's ſpight,
There are, who judge ſtill worſe than he can write.
Some have at firſt for Wits, then Poets paſt,
Turn'd Critics next, and prov'd plain fools at laſt.
Some neither can for Wits nor Critics paſs,
As heavy mules are neither horſe nor aſs.
Thoſe half-learn'd witlings, num'rous in our iſle,
As half-form'd inſects on the banks of Nile;
Unfiniſh'd things, one knows not what to call,
Their geoeration's ſo equivocal:
To tell 'em, would a hundred tongues require,
Or one vain wit's, that might a hundred tire.
But you who ſeek to give and merit fame,
And juſtly bear a Critic's noble name,
Be ſure yourſelf and your own reach to know,
How far your genius, taſte, and learning go;
Launch not beyond your depth, but be diſcreet,
And mark that point where ſenſe and dullneſs meet.
Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,
And wiſely curb'd proud man's pretending wit.

As

VER. 51. *And mark that point where ſenſe and dullneſs meet.*] This precept cautions us againſt going on, when our Ideas begin to grow obſcure; as we are apt to do, tho' that obſcurity is a monition that we ſhould leave off; for it ariſes either thro' our ſmall acquaintance with the ſubject, or the incomprehenſibility of its nature. In which circumſtances a genius will always write as heavily as a dunce. An obſervation well worth the attention of *all profound writers.*

As on the land while here the ocean gains,
In other parts it leaves wide ſandy plains;
Thus in the ſoul while memory prevails,
The ſolid pow'r of underſtanding fails;
Where beams of warm imagination play,
The memory's ſoft figures melt away.
One ſcience only will one genius fit;
So vaſt is art, ſo narrow human wit:
Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
But oft' in thoſe confin'd to ſingle parts.
Like Kings we loſe the conqueſts gain'd before,
By vain ambition ſtill to make them more;
Each might his ſev'ral province well command,
Would all but ſtoop to what they underſtand.
Firſt follow Nature, and your judgment frame
By her juſt ſtandard, which is ſtill the ſame:
Unerring NATURE, ſtill divinely bright,
One clear, unchang'd, and univerſal light,
Life, force, and beauty, muſt to all impart,
At once the ſource, and end, and teſt of Art.
Art from that fund each juſt ſupply provides,
Works without ſhow, and without pomp preſides:
In ſome fair body thus th' informing ſoul
With ſpirits feeds, with vigour fills the whole,
Each motion guides, and ev'ry nerve ſuſtains;
Itſelf unſeen, but in th' effects, remains.

Some,

VER. 67. *Would all but ſtoop to what they underſtand.*] The expreſſion is delicate, and implies what is very true, that moſt men think it a degradation of their genius to employ it in cultivating what lies level to their comprehenſion, but had rather exerciſe their ambition in ſubduing what is placed above it.

Some, to whom Heav'n in wit has been profuſe,
Want as much more to turn it to its uſe;
For wit and judgment often are at ſtrife,
Tho' meant each other's aid, like man and wife.
'Tis more to guide, than ſpur the Muſe's ſteed;
Reſtrain his fury, than provoke his ſpeed;
The winged courſer, like a gen'rous horſe,
Shows moſt true mettle when you check his courſe.

Thoſe RULES of old diſcover'd, not deviſ'd,
Are Nature ſtill, but Nature methodiz'd;
Nature, like Liberty, is but reſtrain'd
By the ſame Laws which firſt herſelf ordain'd.

Hear how learn'd Greece her uſeful rules indites,
When to repreſs, and when indulge our flights:
High on Parnaſſus' top her ſons ſhe ſhow'd,
And painted out thoſe arduous paths they trod;
Held from afar, aloft, th' immortal prize,
And urg'd the reſt by equal ſteps to riſe.

Juſt

VER. 88. *Thoſe rules of old, etc.*] Cicero has, beſt of any one I know, explained what that is which reduces the wild and ſcattered parts of human knowledge into *arts.—Nihil eſt quod ad artem redigi poſſit, niſi ille prius, qui illa tenet, quorum artem inſtituere vult, habeat illam ſcientiam, ut ex iis rebus, quarum ars nondum ſit, artem efficere poſſit.—Omnia fere, quæ ſunt concluſa nunc artibus, diſperſa et diſſipata quondam fuerunt, ut in Muſicis, etc. Adhibita eſt igitur ars quædam extrinſecus ex alio genere quodam, quod ſibi totum* PHILOSOPHI *aſſumunt, quæ rem diſſolutam divulſamque conglutinaret, et ratione quadam conſtringeret.* De Orat. l. i. c 41, 2.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 80.

There are whom Heav'n has bleſt with ſtore of wit,
Yet want as much again to manage it.

Juſt precepts thus from great examples giv'n,
She drew from them what they deriv'd from Heav'n.
The gen'rous Critic fann'd the Poet's fire,
And taught the world with reaſon to admire.
Then Criticiſm the Muſes handmaid prov'd,
To dreſs her charms, and make her more belov'd:
But following wits from that intention ſtray'd,
Who cou'd not win the miſtreſs, woo'd the maid;
Againſt the Poets their own arms they turn'd,
Sure to hate moſt the men from whom they learn'd.
So modern 'Pothecaries, taught the art
By Doctor's bills to play the Doctor's part,
Bold in the practice of miſtaken rules,
Preſcribe, apply, and call their maſters fools.
Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey,
Nor time nor moths e'er ſpoil'd ſo much as they.
Some

VER. 98. *Juſt precepts*] *Nec enim artibus editis factum eſt ut argumenta inveniremus, ſed dicta ſunt omnia antequam præciperentur; mox ea ſcriptores obſervata et collecta ediderunt.* Quintil. P.

VER. 112. *Some on the leaves—Some drily plain.*] The firſt, the *Apes* of thoſe *Italian* Critics, who at the reſtoration of letters having found the claſſic writers miſerably mangled by the hands of monkiſh Librarians, very commendably employed their pains and talents in reſtoring them to their native purity. The ſecond, the *plagiaries* from the *French*, who had made ſome admirable Commentaries on the ancient critics. But that *acumen* and *taſte*, which ſeparately conſtitute the diſtinct value of thoſe two ſpecies of foreign Criticiſm, make no part of the character of theſe paltry mimics at home, deſcribed by our Poet in the following lines,

> Theſe *leave the ſenſe, their learning to diſplay,*
> *And* thoſe *explain the meaning quite away.*

Which ſpecies is the leaſt hurtful, the Poet has enabled

Some drily plain, without invention's aid,
Write dull receits how poems may be made.
These leave the ſenſe, their learning to diſplay,
And thoſe explain the meaning quite away.
You then whoſe judgment the right courſe would ſteer,
Know well each ANCIENT's proper character;
His Fable, Subject, ſcope in ev'ry page;
Religion, Country, genius of his Age:
Without all theſe at once before your eyes,
Cavil you may, but never criticize.
Be Homer's works your ſtudy and delight,
Read them by day, and meditate by night;
Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims bring,
And trace the Muſes upward to their ſpring.

Still

us to determine in the lines with which he opens his poem,

But of the two leſs dang'rous is th' offence
To tire our patience than miſlead our ſenſe.

From whence we conclude, that the reverend Mr. Upton was much more innocently employed when he quibbled upon Epictetus, than when he commented upon Shakeſpear.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 123. *Cavil you may, but never criticize.*] The author after this verſe originally inſerted the following, which he has however omitted in all the editions:

Zoilus, had theſe been known, without a name
Had dy'd, and *Perault* ne'er been damn'd to fame;
The ſenſe of ſound Antiquity had reign'd,
And ſacred Homer yet been unprophan'd.
None e'er had thought his comprehenſive mind
To modern cuſtoms, modern rules confin'd;
Who for all ages writ, and all mankind.

P.

Still with itſelf compar'd, his text peruſe;
And let your comment be the Mantuan Muſe.
When firſt young Maro in his boundleſs mind
A work t' outlaſt immortal Rome deſign'd,
Perhaps he ſeem'd above the Critic's law,
And but from Nature's fountains ſcorn'd to draw:
But when t' examine ev'ry part he came,
Nature and Homer were, he found, the ſame.
Convinc'd, amaz'd, he checks the bold deſign;
And rules as ſtrict his labour'd work confine,
As if the Stagirite o'erlook'd each line.
Learn hence for ancient rules a juſt eſteem;
To copy nature is to copy them.
Some beauties yet no Precepts can declare,
For there's a happineſs as well as care.
Muſic reſembles Poetry, in each
Are nameleſs graces which no methods teach,
And which a maſter-hand alone can reach.

If,

VER. 130. *When firſt young Maro, etc.*] Virg. Eclog. vi.
Cum canerem reges et prælia, Cynthius aurem
Vellit.

It is a tradition preſerved by Servius, that Virgil began with writing a poem of the Alban and Roman affairs; which he found above his years, and deſcended firſt to imitate Theocritus on rural ſubjects, and afterwards to copy Homer in Heroic poetry. P.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 130.

When firſt young Maro ſung of Kings and Wars,
Ere warning Phœbus touch'd his trembling ears.

If, where the rules not far enough extend,
(Since rules were made but to promote their end)
Some lucky Licence anſwer to the full
Th' intent propos'd, that Licence is a rule.
Thus Pegaſus, a nearer way to take,
May boldly deviate from the common track;
From vulgar bounds with brave diſorder part,
And ſnatch a grace beyond the reach of art,
Which without paſſing thro' the judgment, gains
The heart, and all its end at once attains.
In proſpects thus, ſome objects pleaſe our eyes,
Which out of nature's common order riſe,
The ſhapeleſs rock, or hanging precipice.
Great Wits ſometimes may gloriouſly offend,
And riſe to faults true Critics dare not mend.
But tho' the Ancients thus their rules invade,
(As Kings diſpenſe with laws themſelves have made)
Moderns, beware! or if you muſt offend
Againſt the precept, ne'er tranſgreſs its End;
Let it be ſeldom, and compell'd by need;
And have, at leaſt, their precedent to plead.
The Critic elſe proceeds without remorſe,
Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.
I know there are, to whoſe preſumptuous thoughts
Thoſe freer beauties, ev'n in them, ſeem faults.
Some

VER. 146. *If, where the rules, etc.*] *Neque enim rogationibus plebiſve ſcitis ſancta ſunt iſta Præcepta, ſed hoc, quicquid eſt, Utilitas excogitavit. Non negabo autem ſic utile eſſe plerumque; verum ſi eadem illa nobis aliud ſuadebit Utilitas, hanc, relictis magiſtrorum autoritatibus, ſequemur.* Quintil. lib. ii. cap. 13. P.

Some figures monſtrous and mis-ſhap'd appear,
Conſider'd ſingly, or beheld too near,
Which, but proportion'd to their light, or place,
Due diſtance reconciles to form and grace.
A prudent chief not always muſt diſplay
His pow'rs in equal ranks, and fair array,
But with th' occaſion and the place comply,
Conceal his force, nay ſeem ſometimes to fly.
Thoſe oft are ſtratagems which errors ſeem,
Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.

Still green with bays each ancient Altar ſtands,
Above the reach of ſacrilegious hands;
Secure from Flames, from Envy's fiercer rage,
Deſtructive War, and all-involving Age.
See, from each clime the learn'd their incenſe bring!
Hear, in all tongues conſenting Pæans ring!
In praiſe ſo juſt let ev'ry voice be join'd,
And fill the gen'ral chorus of mankind.

Hail,

VER. 175. *A prudent chief, etc.*] Οἷόν τι ποιοῦσιν οἱ φρόνιμοι στρατηγὰ ταις κατὰ τὰς τάξεις τῶν στρατευμάτων — Dion. Hal. De ſtruct. orat.

VER. 180. *Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.*] *Modeſte, et circumſpecto judicio de tantis viris pronunciandum eſt, ne (quod pleriſque accidit) damnent quod non intelligunt. Ac ſi neceſſe eſt in alteram errare partem, omnia eorum legentibus placere, quam multa diſplicere maluerim.* Quint. P.

VER. 183. *Secure from* flames, *from* envy's *fiercer rage, Deſtructive* war, *and all-involving* age.] The Poet here alludes to the four great cauſes of the ravage amongſt ancient writings: The deſtruction of the Alexandrine and Palatine libraries by *fire*; the fiercer rage of *Zoilus* and *Mævius* and their followers againſt Wit; the irruption of the *Barbarians* into the empire; and the long reign of Ignorance and Superſtition in the cloiſters.

Hail, Bards triumphant! born in happier days;
Immortal heirs of univerſal praiſe!
Whoſe honours with increaſe of ages grow,
As ſtreams roll down, enlarging as they flow;
Nations unborn your mighty names ſhall ſound,
And worlds applaud that muſt not yet be found!
Oh may ſome ſpark of your celeſtial fire,
The laſt, the meaneſt of your ſons inſpire,
(That on weak wings, from far, purſues your flights;
Glows while he reads, but trembles as he writes)
To teach vain Wits a ſcience little known,
T' admire ſuperior ſenſe, and doubt their own!

Of all the Cauſes which conſpire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and miſguide the mind,
What the weak head with ſtrongeſt bias rules,
Is *Pride*, the never-failing vice of fools.
Whatever Nature has in worth deny'd,
She gives in large recruits of needful Pride;
For as in bodies, thus in ſouls, we find
What wants in blood and ſpirits, ſwell'd with wind:
Pride, where Wit fails, ſteps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty Void of ſenſe.

VER. 189. *Hail, Bards* triumphant!] There is a pleaſantry in this title, which alludes to the ſtate of *warfare* that all true Genius muſt undergo while here upon earth.

VER. 209. *Pride where Wit fails ſteps in to our defence, And fills up all the mighty void of ſenſe.*] A very ſenſible French writer makes the following remark on this ſpecies of *pride*. "Un homme qui ſçait pluſieurs "Langues, qui etend les Auteurs Grecs et Latins, qui "s'eleve même juſqu' à la dignité de SCHOLIASTE; "ſi cet homme venoit à peſer ſon véritable mérite, il

"trouveroit

If once right reaſon drives that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with reſiſtleſs day.
Truſt not yourſelf; but your defects to know,
Make uſe of ev'ry friend—and ev'ry foe.
A *little learning* is a dang'rous thing;
Drink deep, or taſte not the Pierian ſpring:
There ſhallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely ſobers us again.
Fir'd at firſt ſight with what the Muſe imparts,
In fearleſs youth we tempt the heights of Arts,
While from the bounded level of our mind,
Short views we take, nor ſee the lengths behind;
But more advanc'd, behold with ſtrange ſurprize
New diſtant ſcenes of endleſs ſcience riſe!
So pleas'd at firſt the tow'ring Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and ſeem to tread the ſky,
Th' eternal ſnows appear already paſt,
And the firſt clouds and mountains ſeem the laſt:
But

" trouveroit ſouvent qu'il ſe réduit à avoir eu des yeux
" et de la mémoire, il ſe garderoit bien de donner le nom
" reſpectable de ſcience à *une érudition ſans lumiere.* Il
" y a une grande difference entre s'enrichir des mots ou
" des choſes, entre alleguer des autoritez ou des raiſons.
" Si un homme pouvoit ſe ſurprendre à n' avoir que
" cette ſorte de mérite, il en rougiroit plûtôt que d'en
" être vain."

VER. 217. *There ſhallow draughts, etc.*] The thought was taken from Lord Verulam, who applies it to more ſerious enquiries.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 225.

So pleas'd at firſt the tow'ring Alps to try,
Fill'd with ideas of fair Italy,
The Traveller beholds with chearful eyes
The leſs'ning vales, and ſeems to tread the ſkies.

But, thoſe attain'd, we tremble to ſurvey
The growing labours of the lengthen'd way,
Th' increaſing proſpect tires our wand'ring eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps ariſe!

A perfect Judge will read each work of Wit
With the ſame ſpirit that its author writ:
Survey the WHOLE, nor ſeek ſlight faults to find
Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;
Nor loſe, for that malignant dull delight,
The gen'rous pleaſure to be charm'd with wit.
But in ſuch lays as neither ebb, nor flow,
Correctly cold, and regularly low,
That ſhunning faults, one quiet tenour keep;
We cannot blame indeed—but we may ſleep.
In Wit, as Nature, what affects our hearts
Is not th' exactneſs of peculiar parts;
'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
But the joint force and full reſult of all.
Thus when we view ſome well-proportion'd dome,
(The world's juſt wonder, and ev'n thine, O Rome!)

VER. 233. *A perfect Judge, etc.*] *Diligenter legendum eſt, ac pæne ad ſcribendi ſollicitudinem: Nec per partes modo ſcrutanda ſunt omnia, ſed perlectus liber utique ex integro reſumendus.* Quin.

VER. 235. *Survey the Whole, nor ſeek ſlight faults to find, Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;*] The *ſecond* line, in apologizing for thoſe *faults* which the firſt ſays ſhould be overlooked, gives the reaſon of the precept. For when a writer's attention is fixed on a general view of Nature, and his imagination warm'd with the contemplation of great ideas, it can hardly be but that there muſt be ſmall irregularities in the diſpoſition both of matter and ſtyle, becauſe the avoiding theſe requires a coolneſs of recollection, which a writer ſo hurried *is not maſter of.*

No ſingle parts unequally ſurprize,
All comes united to th' admiring eyes;
No monſtrous height, or breadth, or length appear;
The Whole at once is bold, and regular.

Whoever thinks a faultleſs piece to ſee,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er ſhall be.
In ev'ry work regard the writer's End,
Since none can compaſs more than they intend;
And if the means be juſt, the conduct true,
Applauſe, in ſpight of trivial faults, is due.
As men of breeding, ſometimes men of wit,
T' avoid great errors, muſt the leſs commit:
Neglect the rules each verbal Critic lays,
For not to know ſome trifles, is a praiſe.
Moſt Critics, fond of ſome ſubſervient art,
Still make the Whole depend upon a Part:
They talk of principles, but notions prize,
And all to one lov'd Folly ſacrifice.

Once on a time, La Mancha's Knight, they ſay,
A certain Bard encount'ring on the way,
Diſcours'd in terms as juſt, with looks as ſage,
As e'er could Dennis, of the Grecian ſtage;
Concluding all were deſp'rate ſots and fools,
Who durſt depart from Ariſtotle's rules.
Our Author, happy in a judge ſo nice,
Produc'd his Play, and begg'd the Knight's advice;
Made him obſerve the ſubject, and the plot,
The manners, paſſions, unities, what not?

All

VER. 261. *verbal Critic*] Is not here uſed in its common ſignification, of one who retails the ſenſe of ſingle words; but of one who deals in large cargo's of them *without* any ſenſe at all.

All which, exact to rule, were brought about,
Were but a Combat in the lists left out.
"What! leave the Combat out?" exclaims the
Knight;
Yes, or we must renounce the Stagirite.
"Not so, by Heav'n" (he answers in a rage)
"Knights, squires, and steeds, must enter on the
"stage."
So vast a throng the stage can ne'er contain.
"Then build a new, or act it on a plain."
Thus Critics, of less judgment than caprice,
Curious not knowing, not exact but nice,
Form short Ideas; and offend in arts
(As most in manners) by a love to parts.
Some to *Conceit* alone their taste confine,
And glitt'ring thoughts struck out at ev'ry line;
Pleas'd with a work where nothing's just or fit;
One glaring Chaos and wild heap of wit.

VER. 285. *Thus Critics of less judgment than caprice,*
Curious *not* knowing, *not* exact *but* nice.] In these two lines the poet finely describes the way in which bad writers are wont to imitate the qualities of good ones. As true *Judgment* generally draws men out of popular opinions, so he who cannot get from the croud by the assistance of this guide, willingly follows *Caprice*, which will be sure to lead him into singularities. Again, true *Knowledge* is the art of treasuring up only that which, from its use in life, is worthy of being lodged in the memory. But *Curiosity* consists in a vain attention to every thing out of the way, and which, for its uselessness, the world least regards. Lastly, *Exactness* is the just proportion of parts to one another, and their harmony in a whole: But he who has not extent of capacity for the exercise of this quality, contents himself with *Nicety, which is* a busying one's self about points and *syllables.*

Poets, like painters, thus, unſkill'd to trace
The naked nature and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover ev'ry part,
And hide with ornaments their want of art.
True Wit is Nature to advantage dreſs'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er ſo well expreſs'd;
Something, whoſe truth convinc'd at ſight we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind.
As ſhades more ſweetly recommend the light,
So modeſt plainneſs ſets off ſprightly wit.

For

VER. 297. *True Wit is Nature to advantage dreſs'd, etc.*] This definition is very exact. Mr. *Locke* had defined *Wit* to conſiſt *in the aſſemblage of ideas, and putting thoſe together, with quickneſs and variety, wherein can be found any reſemblance or congruity, whereby to make up pleaſant pictures and agreeable viſions in the fancy.* But that great Philoſopher, in ſeparating *Wit* from *Judgment*, as he does in this place, has given us (and he could therefore give us no other) only an account of Wit in general: In which falſe Wit, tho' not every ſpecies of it, is included. A *ſtriking Image* therefore of Nature is, as Mr. *Locke* obſerves, certainly *Wit:* But this *image* may *ſtrike* on ſeveral other accounts, as well as for its *truth* and *amiableneſs*; and the Philoſopher has explain'd the manner how. But it never becomes that *Wit* which is the ornament of true Poeſy, whoſe end is to repreſent Nature, but when it *dreſſes that Nature to advantage*, and preſents her to us in the cleareſt and moſt amiable light. And to know when the *Fancy* has done its office truly, the poet ſubjoins this admirable Teſt, *viz.* When we perceive that it *gives us back the image of our mind.* When it does that, we may be ſure it plays no tricks with us: For this *image* is the creature of the *Judgment*; and whenever *Wit* correſponds with *Judgment*, we may ſafely pronounce it to be *true.*

Naturam intueamur, hanc ſequamur: id facillime accipiunt animi quod agnoſcunt. Quintil. lib. viii. c. 3.

For works may have more wit than does 'em good,
As bodies periſh thro' exceſs of blood.
Others for *Language* all their care expreſs,
And value books, as women men, for Dreſs:
Their praiſe is ſtill,—the Style is excellent:
The Senſe, they humbly take upon content.
Words are like leaves; and where they moſt abound,
Much fruit of ſenſe beneath is rarely found.
Falſe Eloquence, like the priſmatic glaſs,
Its gaudy colours ſpreads on ev'ry place;
The face of Nature we no more ſurvey,
All glares alike, without diſtinction gay:
But true Expreſſion, like th' unchanging Sun,
Clears, and improves whate'er it ſhines upon,
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.
Expreſſion is the dreſs of thought, and ſtill
Appears more decent, as more ſuitable;
A vile conceit in pompous words expreſs'd,
Is like a clown in regal purple dreſs'd:
For diff'rent ſtyles with diff'rent ſubjects ſort,
As ſeveral garbs with country, town, and court.

Some

VER. 311. *Falſe eloquence, like the priſmatic glaſs, etc.*] This ſimile is beautiful. For the falſe colouring, given to objects by the priſmatic glaſs, is owing to its untwiſting, by its *obliquities*, thoſe threads of light, which Nature had put together in order to ſpread over its works an ingenuous and ſimple *candor*, that ſhould not hide, but only heighten the native complexion of the objects. And *falſe Eloquence* is nothing elſe but the ſtraining and *divaricating* the parts of *true expreſſion*; and then daubing them over with what the Rhetoricians very properly term, COLOURS; in lieu of that candid light, now loſt, which was reflected from them in their *natural ſtate* while ſincere and entire.

Some by old words to fame have made pretence,
Ancients in phraſe, meer moderns in their ſenſe;
Such labour'd nothings, in ſo ſtrange a ſtyle,
Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the learned ſmile.
Unlucky, as Fungoſo in the Play,
Theſe ſparks with aukward vanity diſplay
What the fine gentleman wore yeſterday;
And but ſo mimic ancient wits at beſt,
As apes our grandſires, in their doublets dreſt.
In words, as faſhions, the ſame rule will hold;
Alike fantaſtic, if too new, or old:
Be not the firſt by whom the new are try'd,
Nor yet the laſt to lay the old aſide.

But moſt by Numbers judge a Poet's ſong;
And ſmooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong:
In the bright Muſe tho' thouſand charms conſpire,
Her Voice is all theſe tuneful fools admire;
Who

VER. 324. *Some by old words, etc.*] *Abolita et abrogata retinere, inſolentiæ cujuſdam eſt, et frivolæ in parvis jactantiæ.* Quintil. lib. i. c. 6. P.

Opus eſt ut verba à vetuſtate repetita neque crebra ſint, neque manifeſta, quia nil eſt odioſius affectatione, nec utique ab ultimis repetita temporibus. Oratio cujus ſumma virtus eſt perſpicuitas, quam ſit vitioſa, ſi egeat interprete? Ergo ut novorum optima erunt maxime vetera, ita veterum maxime nova. Idem. P.

VER. 328.—*unlucky as* Fungoſo, *etc.*] *See* Ben Johnſon's *Every Man in his Humour.* P.

VER. 337. *But moſt by Numbers, etc.*]

Quis populi ſermo eſt? quis enim? niſi carmina molli
Nunc demum numero fluere, ut per lævе ſeveros
Effundat junctura ungues: ſcit tendere verſum
Non ſecus ac ſi oculo rubricam dirigat uno.

Perſ. Sat. i. P.

Who haunt Parnaſſus but to pleaſe their ear,
Not mend their minds; as ſome to Church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the muſic there.
Theſe equal ſyllables alone require,
Tho' oft the ear the open vowels tire;
While expletives their feeble aid do join;
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line:
While they ring round the ſame unvary'd chimes,
With ſure returns of ſtill expected rhymes;
Where-e'er you find "the cooling weſtern breeze,"
In the next line, it "whiſpers thro' the trees:"
If cryſtal ſtreams "with pleaſing murmurs creep,"
The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with "ſleep:"
Then, at the laſt and only couplet fraught
With ſome unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needleſs Alexandrine ends the ſong,
That, like a wounded ſnake, drags its ſlow length along.
Leave ſuch to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
What's roundly ſmooth, or languiſhingly ſlow;
And praiſe the eaſy vigour of a line,
Where Denham's ſtrength, and Waller's ſweetneſs join.
True

VER. 345. *Tho' oft the ear, etc.*] *Fugiemus crebras vocalium concurſiones, quæ vaſtam atque hiantem orationem reddunt.* Cic. ad Heren. lib. iv. Vide etiam Quintil. lib. ix. c. 4. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 346. *While expletives their feeble aid do join, And ten low words oft creep in one dull line.*] From Dryden, "He *creeps* along with *ten* little *words* in every "*line*, and helps out his numbers with [for] [to] and "[unto] and all the pretty *expletives* he can find, while "the ſenſe is left half tired behind it." *Eſſay on Dram. Poetry.*

True eaſe in writing comes from art, not chance,
As thoſe move eaſieſt who have learn'd to dance.
'Tis not enough no harſhneſs gives offence,
The ſound muſt ſeem an Echo to the ſenſe:
Soft is the ſtrain when Zephyr gently blows,
And the ſmooth ſtream in ſmoother numbers flows;
But when loud ſurges laſh the ſounding ſhoar,
The hoarſe, rough verſe ſhould like the torrent roar:
When Ajax ſtrives ſome rock's vaſt weight to throw,
The line too labours, and the words move ſlow;

Not

VER. 364. *'Tis not enough no harſhneſs gives offence;*
The ſound muſt ſeem an Echo to the ſenſe:] The judicious introduction of this precept is remarkable. The Poets, and even ſome of the beſt of them, have been ſo fond of the beauty ariſing from this trivial precept, that, in their practice, they have violated the very *End* of it, which is the encreaſe of *harmony*; and, ſo they could but raiſe an *Echo*, did not care whoſe ears they offended by its diſſonance. To remedy this abuſe therefore, the poet, by the introductory line, would inſinuate, that *Harmony* is always preſuppoſed as obſerved; tho' it may and ought to be perpetually varied, ſo as to produce the effect here recommended.

VER. 365. *The ſound muſt ſeem an Echo to the ſenſe:*] Lord Roſcommon ſays,

The ſound is ſtill a comment *to the ſenſe.*

They are both well expreſſed: only *this* ſuppoſes the ſenſe to be aſſiſted by the ſound; *that*, the ſound aſſiſted by the ſenſe.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 366. *Soft is the ſtrain, etc.*]
Tum ſi læta canunt, etc. Vida Poet. l. iii. v. 403.

VER. 368. *But when loud ſurges, etc*]
Tum longe ſale ſaxa ſonant, etc. Vida ib. 388.

VER. 370. *When Ajax ſtrives, etc.*]
Atque ideo ſi quid geritur molimine magno, etc.
Vida ib. 417.

Not ſo, when ſwift Camilla ſcours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and ſkims along the main.
Hear how Timotheus' vary'd lays ſurprize,
And bid alternate paſſions fall and riſe!
While, at each change, the ſon of Libyan Jove
Now burns with glory, and then melts with love;
Now his fierce eyes with ſparkling fury glow,
Now ſighs ſteal out, and tears begin to flow:
Perſians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
And the World's victor ſtood ſubdu'd by Sound!
The pow'r of Muſic all our hearts allow,
And what Timotheus was, is DRYDEN now.
Avoid Extremes; and ſhun the fault of ſuch,
Who ſtill are pleas'd too little or too much.
At ev'ry trifle ſcorn to take offence,
That always ſhows great pride, or little ſenſe;
Thoſe heads, as ſtomachs, are not ſure the beſt,
Which nauſeate all, and nothing can digeſt.
Yet let not each gay Turn thy rapture move;
For fools admire, but men of ſenſe approve:
As things ſeem large which we thro' miſts deſcry,
Dulneſs is ever apt to magnify.
Some foreign writers, ſome our own deſpiſe;
The Ancients only, or the Moderns prize.

Thus

VER. 374. *Hear how* Timotheus, *etc.*] *See* Alexander's Feaſt, *or* the Power of Muſick; *an Ode by Mr.* Dryden. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 372. *Not ſo, when ſwift Camilla, etc.*]
At mora ſi fuerit damno, properare jubebo, etc.
Vida ib. 420.

Thus Wit, like Faith, by each man is apply'd
To one ſmall ſect, and all are damn'd beſide.
Meanly they ſeek the bleſſing to confine,
And force that ſun but on a part to ſhine,
Which not alone the ſouthern wit ſublimes,
But ripens ſpirits in cold northern climes;
Which from the firſt has ſhone on ages paſt,
Enlights the preſent, and ſhall warm the laſt;
Tho' each may feel encreaſes and decays,
And ſee now clearer and now darker days.
Regard not then if Wit be old or new,
But blame the falſe, and value ſtill the true.

Some ne'er advance a Judgment of their own,
But catch the ſpreading notion of the Town;
They reaſon and conclude by precedent,
And own ſtale nonſenſe which they ne'er invent.
Some judge of authors names, not works, and then
Nor praiſe nor blame the writings, but the men.
Of all this ſervile herd, the worſt is he
That in proud dulneſs joins with Quality.
A conſtant critic at the great man's board,
To fetch and carry nonſenſe for my Lord.
What woful ſtuff this madrigal would be,
In ſome ſtarv'd hackney ſonnetteer, or me?
But let a Lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens! how the ſtyle refines!

Before

VER. 402. *Which from the firſt, etc.*] *Genius* is the ſame in all ages; but its fruits are various; and more or leſs excellent as they are checked or matured by the influence of Government or Religion upon them. Hence in ſome parts of Literature the Ancients excel; in others, the modern; juſt as thoſe accidental circumſtances *influenced* them.

Before his ſacred name flies ev'ry fault,
And each exalted ſtanza teems with thought!
The Vulgar thus thro' Imitation err;
As oft the Learn'd by being ſingular;
So much they ſcorn the croud, that if the throng
By chance go right, they purpoſely go wrong:
So Schiſmatics the plain believers quit,
And are but damn'd for having too much wit.
Some praiſe at morning what they blame at night;
But always think the laſt opinion right.
A Muſe by theſe is like a miſtreſs us'd,
This hour ſhe's idoliz'd, the next abus'd;
While their weak heads like towns unfortify'd,
'Twixt ſenſe and nonſenſe daily change their ſide.
Aſk them the cauſe; they're wiſer ſtill, they ſay;
And ſtill to-morrow's wiſer than to-day.
We think our fathers fools, ſo wiſe we grow;
Our wiſer ſons, no doubt, will think us ſo.
Once School-divines this zealous iſle o'er-ſpread;
Who knew moſt Sentences, was deepeſt read;
Faith, Goſpel, all, ſeem'd made to be diſputed,
And none had ſenſe enough to be confuted:
Scotiſts and Thomiſts, now, in peace remain,
Amidſt their kindred cobwebs in Duck-lane.

If

VER. 444. *Scotiſts and Thomiſts*] Theſe were two parties amongſt the ſchoolmen, headed by *Duns Scotus* and *Thomas Aquinas*, of different opinions, and from that difference denominated *Realiſts* and *Nominaliſts*; they were perpetually diſputing on the *immaculate conception*, and on ſubjects of the like importance.

VER. 444. *Scotiſts*] So denominated from *Johannes Duns Scotus*. He ſuffered a miſerable reverſe of fortune at Oxford in the time of Henry VIII. That grave Antiquary

If Faith itſelf has diff'rent dreſſes worn,
What wonder modes in Wit ſhould take their turn?
Oft', leaving what is natural and fit,
The current folly proves the ready wit;
And

tiquary Mr. Antony Wood ſadly laments the *deformation*, as he calls it, of that Univerſity by the King's Commiſſioners; and even records the blaſphemous ſpeeches of one of them in his own Words—*We have ſet* DUNCE *in Boccardo, with all his blind Gloſſers, faſt nailed up upon poſts in all common houſes of eaſement.* Upon which our venerable Antiquary thus exclaims: "If ſo be, the commiſſioners had ſuch diſreſpect for that moſt famous "Author J. Duns, who was ſo much admired by our "predeceſſors, and SO DIFFICULT TO BE UNDERSTOOD, that the Doctors of thoſe times, namely Dr. "William Roper, Dr. John Kynton, Dr. William Mowſe, "etc. profeſſed, that, in twenty eight years ſtudy, they "could not underſtand him rightly, What then had they "for others of an inferior note?"—What indeed! But then, *If ſo be, that moſt famous J. Duns* was ſo difficult to be underſtood (for that this is a moſt claſſical proof of his great value, who doubts?) I ſhould conceive our good old Antiquary to be a little miſtaken. And that the nailing up this Proteus was done by the Commiſſioners in honour of *the moſt famous Duns*: There being no other way of catching the ſenſe of ſo ſlippery an Author, who had eluded the purſuit of three of their moſt renowned Doctors, in full cry after him, for twenty eight years together. And this *Boccardo* in which he was confined, ſeemed very proper for the purpoſe; it being obſerved, that men are never more ſerious and thoughtful than in that place. SCRIBL.

Ibid. *Thomiſts,*] From *Thomas Aquinas*, a truly great Genius, who was, in thoſe blind ages, the ſame in Theology that Friar Bacon was in natural Philoſophy: leſs happy than our Countryman in this, that he ſoon became ſurrounded with a number of dark Gloſſers, who never left him till they had extinguiſhed the radiance of that light which had pierced through the thickeſt night of

Monkery,

And authors think their reputation ſafe,
Which lives as long as fools are pleas'd to laugh.
Some valuing thoſe of their own ſide or mind,
Still make themſelves the meaſure of mankind:
Fondly we think we honour merit then,
When we but praiſe ourſelves in other men.
Parties in Wit attend on thoſe of State,
And public faction doubles private hate.
Pride, Malice, Folly, againſt Dryden roſe,
In various ſhapes of Parſons, Critics, Beaus;
But ſenſe ſurviv'd, when merry jeſts were paſt;
For riſing merit will buoy up at laſt.
Might he return, and bleſs once more our eyes,
New Blackmores and new Milbourns muſt ariſe:
Nay ſhould great Homer lift his awful head,
Zoilus again would ſtart up from the dead.
Envy will merit, as its ſhade, purſue;
But like a ſhadow, proves the ſubſtance true;

Monkery, the thirteenth century, when the *Waldenſes* were ſuppreſſed, and *Wickliffe* not yet riſen.

Ver. 445. *Duck-lane*] A place where old and ſecond-hand books were ſold formerly, near Smithfield. P.

Variations.

Ver. 447. Between this and ver. 448.

The rhyming Clowns that gladded Shakeſpear's age,
No more with crambo entertain the ſtage.
Who now in Anagrams their Patron praiſe,
Or ſing their Miſtreſs in Acroſtic lays?
Ev'n pulpits pleas'd with merry puns of yore;
Now all are baniſh'd to the Hibernian ſhore!
Thus leaving what was natural and fit,
The current folly prov'd their ready wit;
And authors thought their reputation ſafe,
Which liv'd as long as fools were pleas'd to laugh.

For envy'd Wit, like Sol eclips'd, makes known
Th' oppoſing body's groſſneſs, not its own.
When firſt that ſun too pow'rful beams diſplays,
It draws up vapours which obſcure its rays;
But ev'n thoſe clouds at laſt adorn its way,
Reflect new glories, and augment the day.
Be thou the firſt true merit to befriend;
His praiſe is loſt, who ſtays 'till all commend.
Short is the date, alas, of modern rhymes,
And 'tis but juſt to let them live betimes.
No longer now that golden age appears,
When Patriarch-wits ſurviv'd a thouſand years:
Now length of Fame (our ſecond life) is loſt,
And bare threeſcore is all ev'n that can boaſt;
Our ſons their fathers failing language ſee,
And ſuch as Chaucer is, ſhall Dryden be.
So when the faithful pencil has deſign'd
Some bright Idea of the maſter's mind,
Where

VER. 468. *For envy'd Wit, like Sol eclips'd, etc.*] This ſimilitude implies a fact too often verified; and of which we need not ſeek abroad for examples. It is, that frequently thoſe very Authors, who have at firſt done all they could to obſcure and depreſs a riſing genius, have at length, in order to keep themſelves in ſome little credit, been reduced to borrow from him, imitate his manner, and reflect what they could of his ſplendor. Nor hath the poet been leſs artful, to inſinuate alſo what is ſometimes the *cauſe*. A youthful genius, like the Sun riſing towards the Meridian, diſplays *too ſtrong and powerful beams* for the dirty genius of inferior writers, which occaſions their *gathering*, *condenſing*, and *blackening*. But as he deſcends from the Meridian (the time when the Sun gives its *gilding* to the ſurrounding clouds) his rays grow milder, his heat more benign, and then

— ev'n thoſe Clouds at laſt adorn its way,
Reflect new glories, and augment the day.

Where a new world leaps out at his command,
And ready Nature waits upon his hand;
When the ripe colours ſoften and unite,
And ſweetly melt into juſt ſhade and light;
When mellowing years their full perfection give,
And each bold figure juſt begins to live,
The treach'rous colours the fair art betray,
And all the bright creation fades away!
Unhappy Wit, like moſt miſtaken things,
Atones not for that envy which it brings.
In youth alone its empty praiſe we boaſt,
But ſoon the ſhort-liv'd vanity is loſt:
Like ſome fair flow'r the early ſpring ſupplies,
That gayly blooms, but ev'n in blooming dies.
What is this Wit, which muſt our cares employ?
The owner's wife, that other men enjoy;
Then moſt our trouble ſtill when moſt admir'd,
And ſtill the more we give, the more requir'd;
Whoſe fame with pains we guard, but loſe with eaſe,
Sure ſome to vex, but never all to pleaſe;
'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous ſhun,
By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone!
If Wit ſo much from Ign'rance undergo,
Ah let not Learning too commence its foe!
Of old, thoſe met rewards who could excell,
And ſuch were prais'd who but endeavour'd well:
Tho' triumphs were to gen'rals only due,
Crowns were reſerv'd to grace the ſoldiers too.

VER. 507. — *by knaves undone!*]. By which the Poet would inſinuate, a common but ſhameful truth, That Men in power, *if* they got into it by illiberal arts, *generally left Wit and* Science to ſtarve.

Now, they who reach Parnaſſus' lofty crown,
Employ their pains to ſpurn ſome others down;
And while ſelf-love each jealous writer rules,
Contending wits become the ſport of fools:
But ſtill the worſt with moſt regret commend,
For each ill Author is as bad a Friend.
To what baſe ends, and by what abject ways,
Are mortals urg'd thro' ſacred luſt of praiſe!
Ah ne'er ſo dire a thirſt of glory boaſt,
Nor in the Critic let the Man be loſt.
Good-nature and good-ſenſe muſt ever join;
To err is human, to forgive, divine.
But if in noble minds ſome dregs remain
Not yet purg'd off, of ſpleen and ſour diſdain;
Diſcharge that rage on more provoking crimes,
Nor fear a dearth in theſe flagitious times.
No pardon vile Obſcenity ſhould find,
Tho' wit and art conſpire to move your mind;
But Dulneſs with Obſcenity muſt prove
As ſhameful ſure as Impotence in love.

In

VER. 519. *But ſtill the Worſt with moſt regret commend,*
For each ill Author *is as bad a* Friend.] As *Ignorance*, when joined with *Humility*, produces ſtupid admiration, on which account it is ſo commonly obſerved to be the *mother of Devotion* and blind homage; ſo when joined with *Vanity* (as it always is in bad Critics) it gives birth to every iniquity of impudent abuſe and ſlander. See an example (for want of a better) in a late worthleſs and now forgotten thing, called the *Life of Socrates*. Where the *head* of the Author (as a man of wit obſerved on reading the book) had juſt made a ſhift to do the office of a *Camera obſcura*, to repreſent things in an inverted order: himſelf *above*, and *Sprat*, *Rollin*, *Voltaire*, and *every* other Author of reputation, *below*.

In the fat age of pleaſure, wealth, and eaſe,
Sprung the rank weed, and thriv'd with large increaſe:
When love was all an eaſy Monarch's care;
Seldom at council, never in a war:
Jilts rul'd the ſtate, and ſtateſmen farces writ;
Nay wits had penſions, and young Lords had wit:
The Fair ſate panting at a Courtier's play,
And not a Maſk went unimprov'd away:
The modeſt fan was lifted up no more,
And Virgins ſmil'd at what they bluſh'd before.
The following licence of a Foreign reign
Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain;
Then unbelieving Prieſts reform'd the nation,
And taught more pleaſant methods of ſalvation;
Where Heav'n's free ſubjects might their rights diſpute,
Leſt God himſelf ſhould ſeem too abſolute:
Pulpits their ſacred ſatire learn'd to ſpare,
And Vice admir'd to find a flatt'rer there!
Encourag'd thus, Wit's Titans brav'd the ſkies,
And the preſs groan'd with licens'd blaſphemies.
Theſe monſters, Critics! with your darts engage,
Here point your thunder, and exhauſt your rage!
Yet ſhun their fault, who, ſcandalouſly nice,
Will needs miſtake an author into vice;
All ſeems infected that th' infected ſpy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye.

VER. 547. The author has omitted two lines which ſtood here, as containing a *National Reflection*, which in *his ſtricter judgment* he could not but diſapprove on any *People whatever*. P.

LEARN then what MORALS Critics ought to ſhow,
For 'tis but half a Judge's taſk, to know.
'Tis not enough, taſte, judgment, learning, join;
In all you ſpeak, let truth and candour ſhine:
That not alone what to your ſenſe is due
All may allow; but ſeek your friendſhip too.

Be ſilent always when you doubt your ſenſe;
And ſpeak, tho' ſure, with ſeeming diffidence:
Some poſitive, perſiſting fops we know,
Who, if once wrong, will needs be always ſo;
But you, with pleaſure own your errors paſt,
And make each day a Critic on the laſt.

'Tis not enough, your counſel ſtill be true;
Blunt truths more miſchief than nice falſhoods do;
Men muſt be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown propos'd as things forgot.
Without Good Breeding, truth is diſapprov'd;
That only makes ſuperior ſenſe belov'd.

Be niggards of advice on no pretence;
For the worſt avarice is that of ſenſe.
With mean complacence ne'er betray you truſt,
Nor be ſo civil as to prove unjuſt.
Fear not the anger of the wiſe to raiſe;
Thoſe beſt can bear reproof, who merit praiſe.
'Twere well might Critics ſtill this freedom take,
But Appius reddens at each word you ſpeak,

And

VER. 562. *For 'tis but half a Judge's taſk, to know*] The Critic acts in two capacities, of *Aſſeſſor* and of *Judge:* in the firſt, *ſcience* alone is ſufficient; but the other requires *morals* likewiſe.

And ſtares, tremendous, with a threat'ning eye,
Like ſome fierce Tyrant in old tapeſtry.
Fear moſt to tax an Honourable fool,
Whoſe right it is, uncenſur'd to be dull;
Such, without wit, are Poets when they pleaſe,
As without learning they can take Degrees.
Leave dang'rous truths to unſucceſsful Satires,
And flattery to fulſome Dedicators,
Whom, when they praiſe, the world believes no more,
Than when they promiſe to give ſcribling o'er.
'Tis beſt ſometimes your cenſure to reſtrain,
And charitably let the dull be vain:
Your ſilence there is better than your ſpite,
For who can rail ſo long as they can write?
Still humming on, their drouzy courſe they keep,
And laſh'd ſo long, like tops, are laſh'd aſleep.
Falſe ſteps but help them to renew the race,
As, after ſtumbling, Jades will mend their pace.
What crouds of theſe, impenitently bold,
In ſounds and jingling ſyllables grown old,
Still run on Poets, in a raging vein,
Ev'n to the dregs and ſqueezings of the brain,
Strain out the laſt dull droppings of their ſenſe,
And rhyme with all the rage of Impotence.

VER. 587. *And ſtares, tremendous, etc.*] This picture was taken to himſelf by *John Dennis*, a furious old Critic by profeſſion, who, upon no other provocation, wrote againſt this Eſſay and its author, in a manner perfectly lunatic: For, as to the mention made of him in v. 270. he took it as a Compliment, and ſaid it was treacherouſly meant *to cauſe him to* overlook this *Abuſe* of his Perſon.

Such ſhameleſs Bards we have; and yet 'tis true,
There are as mad, abandon'd Critics too.
The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head,
With his own tongue ſtill edifies his ears,
And always liſt'ning to himſelf appears.
All books he reads, and all he reads aſſails,
From Dryden's Fables down to Durfey's Tales.
With him, moſt authors ſteal their works, or buy;
Garth did not write his own Diſpenſary.
Name a new Play, and he's the Poet's friend,
Nay ſhow'd his faults—but when would Poets mend?
No place ſo ſacred from ſuch fops is barr'd,
Nor is Paul's church more ſafe than Paul's church yard:
Nay, fly to Altars; there they'll talk you dead:
For Fools ruſh in where Angels fear to tread.
Diſtruſtful ſenſe with modeſt caution ſpeaks,
It ſtill looks home, and ſhort excurſions makes;
But rattling nonſenſe in full vollies breaks,
And never ſhock'd, and never turn'd aſide,
Burſts out, reſiſtleſs, with a thund'ring tide.

But

VER. 620. *Garth did not write, etc.*] A common ſlander at that time in prejudice of that deſerving author. Our Poet did him this juſtice, when that ſlander moſt prevail'd; and it is now (perhaps the ſooner for this very verſe) dead and forgotten. P.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 624. Between this and v. 625.

In vain you ſhrug and ſweat, and ſtrive to fly;
Theſe know no *Manners* but of Poetry.
They'll ſtop a hungry Chaplain in his grace,
To treat of Unities of time and place.

But where's the man, who counſel can beſtow,
Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to know?
Unbias'd, or by favour, or by ſpite;
Not dully prepoſſeſs'd, nor blindly right;
Tho' learn'd, well-bred; and tho' well-bred, ſincere;
Modeſtly bold, and humanly ſevere:
Who to a friend his faults can freely ſhow,
And gladly praiſe the merit of a foe?
Bleſt with a taſte exact, yet unconfin'd;
A knowledge both of books and human kind;
Gen'rous converſe; a ſoul exempt from pride;
And love to praiſe, with reaſon on his ſide?
Such once were Critics; ſuch the happy few,
Athens and Rome in better ages knew.
The mighty Stagirite firſt left the ſhore,
Spread all his ſails, and durſt the deeps explore;
He

VER. 632. *But where's the man, etc.*] The Poet, by his manner of aſking after this Character, and telling us, when he had deſcribed it, that *ſuch once were Critics*, does not encourage us to ſearch for it in modern writers. And indeed the diſcovery of him, if it could be made, would be but an invidious buſineſs. I will venture no farther than to name the piece of Criticiſm in which theſe marks may be found. It is intitled, *Q. Hor. Fl. Ars Poetica, with an Engliſh Commentary and Notes.*

VARIATIONS.

Between v. 647 and 648, I found the following lines, ſince ſuppreſt by the author:

That bold Columbus of the realms of wit,
Whoſe firſt diſcov'ry's not exceeded yet.
Led by the light of the Mæonian Star,
He ſteer'd ſecurely, and diſcover'd far.
He, when all Nature was ſubdu'd before,
Like his great Pupil, ſigh'd, and long'd for more:
Fancy's wild regions yet unvanquiſh'd lay,
A boundleſs empire, and that own'd no way.
Poets, etc.

He ſteer'd ſecurely, and diſcover'd far,
Led by the light of the Mæonian Star.
Poets, a race long unconfin'd, and free,
Still fond and proud of ſavage liberty,
Receiv'd his laws; and ſtood convinc'd 'twas fit,
Who conquer'd Nature, ſhould preſide o'er Wit.
Horace ſtill charms with graceful negligence,
And without method talks us into ſenſe,
Will, like a friend, familiarly convey
The trueſt notions in the eaſieſt way.
He, who ſupreme in judgment, as in wit,
Might boldly cenſure, as he boldly writ,
Yet judg'd with coolneſs, tho' he ſung with fire;
His Precepts teach but what his works inſpire.
Our Critics take a contrary extreme,
They judge with fury, but they write with fle'me:
Nor ſuffers Horace more in wrong Tranſlations
By Wits, than Critics in as wrong Quotations.

See

VER 653. *Who conquer'd Nature, ſhould preſide o'er Wit.*] By this is not meant *phyſical* Nature, but *moral*. The force of the obſervation conſiſts in our underſtanding it in this ſenſe. For the Poet not only uſes the word *Nature* for *human nature*, throughout this poem; but alſo, where, in the beginning of it, he lays down the principles of the arts he treats of, he makes the knowledge of *human nature* the foundation of all *Criticiſm* and *Poetry*. Nor is the obſervation leſs true than appoſite. For, *Ariſtotle's natural* enquiries were ſuperficial, and ill-made, tho' extenſive: But his *logical* and *moral* works are incomparable. In theſe he has unfolded the human mind, and laid open all the receſſes of the heart and underſtanding; and by his *Categories*, not only *conquer'd Nature*, but kept her in *tenfold chains*: Not as *Dulneſs* kept the Muſes, in the *Dunciad*, to ſilence them; but as *Ariſtæus held Proteus* in *Virgil*, to deliver Oracles.

See Dionyſius Homer's thoughts refine,
And call new beauties forth from ev'ry line!
Fancy and art in gay Petronius pleaſe,
The ſcholar's learning, with the courtier's eaſe.
In grave Quintilian's copious work, we find
The juſteſt rules, and cleareſt method join'd:
Thus uſeful arms in magazines we place,
All rang'd in order, and diſpos'd with grace,
But leſs to pleaſe the eye, than arm the hand,
Still fit for uſe, and ready at command.
Thee, bold Longinus! all the Nine inſpire,
And bleſs their Critic with a Poet's fire.
An ardent Judge, who zealous in his truſt,
With warmth gives ſentence, yet is always juſt;
Whoſe own example ſtrengthens all his laws;
And is himſelf that great Sublime he draws.
Thus long ſucceeding Critics juſtly reign'd,
Licence repreſs'd, and uſeful laws ordain'd.
Learning and Rome alike in empire grew;
And Arts ſtill follow'd where her Eagles flew;
From the ſame foes, at laſt, both felt their doom,
And the ſame age ſaw Learning fall, and Rome:
With Tyranny, then Superſtition join'd,
As that the body, this enſlav'd the mind;
Much was believ'd, but little underſtood,
And to be dull was conſtru'd to be good;

A ſecond

VER. 666. *See Dionyſius*] Of Halicarnaſſus. P.

VARIATIONS.

Between ver. 691 and 692, the author omitted theſe two,

Vain Wits and Critics were no more allow'd,
When none but Saints had licence to be proud. P.

A ſecond deluge Learning thus o'er-run,
And the Monks finiſh'd what the Goths begun.
At length Eraſmus, that great injur'd name,
(The glory of the Prieſthood, and the ſhame!)
Stem'd the wild torrent of a barb'rous age,
And drove thoſe holy Vandals off the ſtage.
But ſee! each Muſe, in LEO's golden days,
Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd bays,
Rome's ancient Genius, o'er its ruins ſpread,
Shakes off the duſt, and rears his rev'rend head.
Then Sculpture and her ſiſter-arts revive;
Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live;
With ſweeter notes each riſing Temple rung;
A Raphael painted, and a Vida ſung.
Immortal Vida: on whoſe honour'd brow
The Poet's bays and Critic's ivy grow:
Cremona now ſhall ever boaſt thy name,
As next in place to Mantua, next in fame!
But

VER. 697. *The glory of the Prieſthood and the ſhame,*] Our author elſewhere lets us know what he eſteems to be the *glory of the Prieſthood* as well as of a Chriſtian in general, where, comparing himſelf to *Eraſmus*, he ſays,

In MODERATION *placing all my glory,*

and conſequently, what he eſteems to be the *ſhame* of it. The whole of this character belong'd moſt eminently and almoſt ſolely to *Eraſmus*: For the other Reformers, ſuch as *Luther*, *Calvin*, and their followers, underſtood ſo little in what true Chriſtian Liberty conſiſted, that they carried with them, into the reformed Churches, that very ſpirit of *perſecution*, which had driven them from the church of Rome.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 708. *As next in place to* Mantua,] Alluding to *Mantua væ miſeræ nimium vicina Cremonæ*. Virg.

But ſoon by impious arms from Latium chas'd,
Their ancient bounds the baniſh'd Muſes paſs'd;
Thence Arts o'er all the northern world advance,
But Critic-learning flouriſh'd moſt in France:
The rules a nation, born to ſerve, obeys;
And Boileau ſtill in right of Horace ſways.
But we, brave Britons, foreign laws deſpis'd,
And kept unconquer'd, and unciviliz'd;
Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,
We ſtill defy'd the Romans, as of old.
Yet ſome there were, among the ſounder few
Of thoſe who leſs preſum'd, and better knew,
Who durſt aſſert the juſter ancient cauſe,
And here reſtor'd Wit's fundamental laws,
Such was the Muſe, whoſe rules and practice tell,
"Nature's chief Maſter-piece is writing well."

Such

VER. 724. *Such was the Muſe*—] *Eſſay on Poetry* by the Duke of Buckingham. Our Poet is not the only one of his time who complimented this *Eſſay*, and its noble Author. Mr. Dryden had done it very largely in the Dedication to his tranſlation of the Æneid; and Dr. Garth in the firſt Edition of his Diſpenſary ſays,

The Tyber now no courtly Gallus ſees,
But ſmiling Thames enjoys his Normanbys.

Tho' afterwards omitted, when parties were carried ſo high in the reign of Queen Anne, as to allow no commendation to an oppoſite in Politics. The Duke was all his life a ſteady adherent to the Church of England Party, yet an enemy to the extravagant meaſures of the Court in the reign of Charles II. On which account after having ſtrongly patronized Mr. Dryden, a coolneſs ſucceeded between them on that poet's abſolute attachment to the Court, which carried him ſome lengths beyond what the Duke could approve of. This Nobleman's

true

Such was Roſcommon, not more learn'd than good,
With manners gen'rous as his noble blood;
To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
And ev'ry author's merit, but his own.
Such late was Walſh—the Muſe's judge and friend,
Who juſtly knew to blame or to commend;
To failings mild, but zealous for deſert;
The cleareſt head, and the ſincereſt heart.
This humble praiſe, lamented ſhade! receive,
This praiſe at leaſt a grateful Muſe may give:
The Muſe, whoſe early voice you taught to ſing,
Preſcrib'd her heights, and prun'd her tender wing,
(Her guide now loſt) no more attempts to riſe,
But in low numbers ſhort excurſions tries:
Content, if hence th' unlearn'd their wants may view,
The learn'd reflect on what before they knew:
Careleſs of cenſure, nor too fond of fame;
Still pleas'd to praiſe, yet not afraid to blame;
Averſe alike to flatter, or offend;
Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

true character had been very well marked by Mr. Dryden before,

the Muſe's friend,
Himſelf a Muſe. In Sanadrin's debate
True to his prince, but not a ſlave of ſtate.
Abſ. and Achit.

Our Author was more happy, he was honour'd very young with his friendſhip, and it continued till his death in all the circumſtances of a familiar eſteem.

THE RAPE of the LOCK.

AN HEROI-COMICAL POEM.

Written in the Year M DCC XII.

TO

Mrs. ARABELLA FERMOR.

MADAM,

IT will be in vain to deny that I have ſome regard for this piece, ſince I dedicate it to You. Yet you may bear me witneſs, it was intended only to divert a few young Ladies, who have good ſenſe and good humour enough to laugh not only at their ſex's little unguarded follies, but at their own. But as it was communicated with the air of a Secret, it ſoon found its way into the world. An imperfect copy having been offer'd to a Bookſeller, you had the good-nature for my ſake to conſent to the publication of one more correct: This I was forc'd to, before I had executed half my deſign, for the Machinery was entirely wanting to compleat it.

The Machinery, Madam, is a term invented by the Critics, to ſignify that part which the Deities, Angels, or Dæmons are made to act in a Poem: For the ancient Poets are in one reſpect like many modern Ladies: let an action be never ſo trivial in itſelf, they always make it appear of the utmoſt importance. Theſe Machines I determin'd to raiſe on a very new and odd foundation, the Roſicrucian doctrine of Spirits.

I know how diſagreeable it is to make uſe of hard words before a Lady; but 'tis ſo much the concern of a Poet to have his works underſtood, and particularly by your Sex, that you muſt give me leave to explain two or three difficult terms.

The Roſicrucians are a people I muſt bring you acquainted with. The beſt account I know of them is in a French book call'd *Le Comte de Gabalis*, which

both in its title and ſize is ſo like a Novel, that many of the Fair Sex have read it for one by miſtake. According to theſe Gentlemen, the four Elements are inhabited by Spirits, which they call Sylphs, Gnomes, Nymphs, and Salamanders. The Gnomes or Dæmons of Earth delight in miſchief; but the Sylphs, whoſe habitation is in the Air, are the beſt-condition'd creatures imaginable. For they ſay, any mortals may enjoy the moſt intimate familiarities with theſe gentle Spirits, upon a condition very eaſy to all true Adepts, an inviolate preſervation of Chaſtity.

As to the following Cantos, all the paſſages of them are as fabulous, as the Viſion at the beginning, or the Transformation at the end; (except the loſs of your Hair, which I always mention with reverence.) The Human perſons are as fictitious as the Airy ones; and the character of Belinda, as it is now manag'd, reſembles you in nothing but in Beauty.

If this Poem had as many Graces as there are in your Perſon, or in your Mind, yet I could never hope it ſhould paſs thro' the world half ſo Unenſur'd as you have done. But let its fortune be what it will, mine is happy enough, to have given me this occaſion of aſſuring you that I am, with the trueſt eſteem,

MADAM,

Your moſt obedient, humble Servant,

A. POPE

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This Lock the Muse shall consecrate to Fame
And midst the Stars inscribe Belinda's Name

Rape of the Lo

THE
RAPE of the LOCK.

* Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos;
Sed juvat, hoc precibus me tribuisse tuis. MART.

CANTO I.

WHAT dire offence from am'rous cauſes ſprings,
What mighty conteſts riſe from trivial things,
I ſing—This verſe to CARYL, Muſe! is due:
This, ev'n Belinda may vouchſafe to view:

* It appears, by this Motto, that the following Poem was written or publiſhed at the Lady's requeſt. But there are ſome further circumſtances not unworthy relating. Mr. Caryl (a Gentleman who was Secretary to Queen Mary, wife of James II. whoſe fortunes he followed into France, Author of the Comedy of *Sir Solomon Single*, and of ſeveral tranſlations in Dryden's Miſcellanies) originally propoſed the ſubject to him in a view of putting an end, by this piece of ridicule, to a quarrel that was riſen between two noble Families, thoſe of Lord Petre and of Mrs. Fermor, on the trifling occaſion of his having cut off a lock of her hair. The Author ſent it to the Lady, with whom he was acquainted; and ſhe took it ſo well as to give about copies of it. That firſt ſketch (we learn from one of his Letters) was written in leſs than a fortnight, in 1711. in two Canto's only, and it was ſo printed; firſt, in a Miſcellany of Bern. Lintot's, without the name of the Author. But it was received ſo well that he made it more conſiderable the next year by the addition

Slight is the ſubject, but not ſo the praiſe,
If She inſpire, and He approve my lays.
Say what ſtrange motive, Goddeſs! could compel
A well-bred Lord t'aſſault a gentle Belle?
Oh ſay what ſtranger cauſe, yet unexplor'd,
Could make a gentle Belle reject a Lord?
In taſks ſo bold, can little men engage,
And in ſoft boſoms dwells ſuch mighty Rage?
Sol thro' white curtains ſhot a tim'rous ray,
And ope'd thoſe eyes that muſt eclipſe the day:
Now lap-dogs give themſelves the rouſing ſhake,
And ſleepleſs lovers, juſt at twelve, awake:
Thrice rung the bell, the ſlipper knock'd the ground,
And the preſs'd watch return'd a ſilver ſound.
Belinda

addition of the machinery of the Sylphs, and extended it to five Canto's. We ſhall give the reader the pleaſure of ſeeing in what manner theſe additions were inſerted, ſo as to ſeem not to be added, but to grow out of the Poem. See Notes, Cant. I. v. 19, etc. P.

This inſertion he always eſteemed, and juſtly, the greateſt effort of his *ſkill* and *art* as a Poet.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 11, 12. It was in the firſt editions,

And dwells ſuch rage in ſofteſt boſoms then,
And lodge ſuch daring Souls in little Men? P.

VER. 13, etc. Stood thus in the firſt Edition,

Sol thro' white curtains did his beams diſplay,
And ope'd thoſe eyes which brighter ſhone than they;
Shock juſt had giv'n himſelf the rouſing ſhake,
And Nymphs prepar'd their Chocolate to take;
Thrice the wrought ſlipper knock'd againſt the ground,
And ſtriking watches the tenth hour reſound. P.

Belinda ſtill her downy pillow preſt,
Her guardian SYLPH prolong'd the balmy reſt:
'Twas He had ſummon'd to her ſilent bed
The morning dream that hover'd o'er her head.
A Youth more glitt'ring than a Birth-night Beau,
(That ev'n in ſlumber caus'd her cheek to glow)
Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay,
And thus in whiſpers ſaid, or ſeem'd to ſay.
Faireſt of mortals, thou diſtinguiſh'd care
Of thouſand bright Inhabitants of Air!
If e'er one Viſion touch thy infant thought,
Of all the Nurſe and all the Prieſt have taught;
Of airy Elves by moonlight ſhadows ſeen,
The ſilver token, and the circled green,
Or virgins viſited by Angel-pow'rs,
With golden crowns and wreaths of heav'nly flow'rs;
Hear and believe! thy own importance know,
Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.
Some ſecret truths, from learned pride conceal'd,
To Maids alone and Children are reveal'd:
What tho' no credit doubting Wits may give?
The Fair and Innocent ſhall ſtill believe.
Know then, unnumber'd Spirits round thee fly,
The light Militia of the lower ſky:
Theſe, tho' unſeen, are ever on the wing,
Hang o'er the Box, and hover round the Ring.
Think what an equipage thou haſt in Air,
And view with ſcorn two Pages and a Chair.
As now your own, our beings were of old,
And once inclos'd in Woman's beauteous mould;

VER. 19. *Belinda ſtill, etc.*] All the verſes from hence *to the end of this* Canto, were added afterwards.

Thence, by a ſoft tranſition, we repair
From earthly Vehicles to theſe of air.
Think not, when Woman's tranſient breath is fled,
That all her vanities at once are dead;
Succeeding vanities ſhe ſtill regards,
And tho' ſhe plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.
Her joy in gilded Chariots, when alive,
And love of Ombre, after death ſurvive.
For when the Fair in all their pride expire,
To their firſt Elements their Souls retire:
The Sprites of fiery Termagants in Flame
Mount up, and take a Salamander's name.
Soft yielding minds to Water glide away,
And ſip, with Nymphs, their elemental Tea.
The graver Prude ſinks downward to a Gnome,
In ſearch of miſchief ſtill on Earth to roam.
The light Coquettes in Sylphs aloft repair,
And ſport and flutter in the fields of Air.

Know farther yet; whoever fair and chaſte
Rejects mankind, is by ſome Sylph embrac'd:
For Spirits, freed from mortal laws, with eaſe
Aſſume what ſexes and what ſhapes they pleaſe.
What guards the purity of melting Maids,
In courtly balls, and midnight maſqueradès,
Safe from the treach'rous friend, the daring ſpark,
The glance by day, the whiſper in the dark,
When kind occaſion prompts their warm deſires,
When muſic ſoftens, and when dancing fires?

'Tis

IMITATIONS.

VER. 54, 55. *Quæ gratia currûm*
Armorumque fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes
Paſcere equos, eadem ſequitur tellure repoſtos.
Virg. Æn. vi.

'Tis but their Sylph, the wiſe Celeſtials know,
Tho' Honour is the word with Men below.
Some nymphs there are, too conſcious of their face,
For life predeſtin'd to the Gnomes embrace.
Theſe ſwell their proſpects and exalt their pride,
When offers are diſdain'd, and love deny'd:
Then gay Ideas croud the vacant brain,
While Peers, and Dukes, and all their ſweeping train,
And Garters, Stars, and Coronets appear,
And in ſoft ſounds, Your Grace ſalutes their ear.
'Tis theſe that early taint the female ſoul,
Inſtruct the eyes of young Coquettes to roll,
Teach Infant-cheeks a bidden bluſh to know,
And little hearts to flutter at a Beau.
Oft, when the World imagine women ſtray,
The Sylphs thro' myſtic mazes guide their way,
Thro' all the giddy circle they purſue,
And old impertinence expel by new.
What tender maid but muſt a victim fall
To one man's treat, but for another's ball?
When Florio ſpeaks what virgin could withſtand,
If gentle Damon did not ſqueeze her hand?
With varying vanities, from ev'ry part,
They ſhift the moving Toyſhop of their heart;

VER. 78. *Tho' Honour is the word with Men below.*] Parody of Homer.

VER. 79. *too conſcious of their face,*] i. e. too ſenſible of their beauty.

Where wigs with wigs, with ſword-knots ſword-knots ſtrive,
Beaux baniſh beaux, and coaches coaches drive.
This erring mortals Levity may call,
Oh blind to truth! the Sylphs contrive it all.
Of theſe am I, who thy protection claim,
A watchful ſprite, and Ariel is my name.
Late, as I rang'd the cryſtal wilds of air,
In the clear Mirror of thy ruling Star
I ſaw, alas! ſome dread event impend,
Ere to the main this morning ſun deſcend,
But heav'n reveals not what, or how, or where:
Warn'd by the Sylph, oh pious maid, beware!
This to diſcloſe is all thy guardian can:
Beware of all, but moſt beware of Man!
He ſaid; when Shock, who thought ſhe ſlept too long,
Leap'd up, and wak'd his miſtreſs with his tongue.
'Twas then Belinda, if report ſay true,
Thy eyes firſt open'd on a Billet-doux;
Wounds, Charms, and Ardors, were no ſooner read,
But all the Viſion vaniſh'd from thy head.

And

VER. 108. *In the clear Mirror*] The Language of the Platoniſts, the writers of the intelligible world of Spirits, etc. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 101.

Jam clypeus clypeis, umbone repellitur umbo,
Enſe minax enſis, pede pes et cuſpide cuſpis, etc. Stat.

And now, unveil'd, the Toilet ſtands diſplay'd,
Each ſilver Vaſe in myſtic order laid.
Firſt, rob'd in white, the Nymph intent adores,
With head uncover'd, the Coſmetic pow'rs.
A heav'nly Image in the glaſs appears,
To that ſhe bends, to that her eyes ſhe rears;

Th'

VER. 121. *And now, unveil'd, etc.*] The tranſlation of theſe verſes, containing the deſcription of the toilette, by our Author's friend Dr. Parnelle, deſerve for their humour, to be here inſerted. P.

Et nunc dilectum ſpeculum, pro more retectum,
Emicat in menſa, quæ ſplendet pyxide denſa:
Tum primum lympha, ſe purgat candida Nympha,
Jamque ſine menda, cœleſtis imago videnda,
Nuda caput, bellos retinet, regit, implet ocellos.
Hæc ſtupet explorans, ceu cultûs numen adorans.
Inferior claram Pythoniſſa apparet ad aram,
Fertque tibi caute, dicatque Superbia! laute,
Dona venuſta; oris, quæ cunctis, plena laboris,
Excerpta explorat, dominamque deamque decorat.
Pyxide devota, ſe pandit hic India tota,
Et tota ex iſta tranſpirat Arabia ciſta;
Teſtudo hic flectit, dum ſe mea Leſbia pectit;
Atque elephas lente, te pectit Leſbia dente;
Hunc maculis noris, nivei jacet ille coloris.
Hic jacet et munde, mundus muliebris abunde;
Spinula reſplendens æris longo ordine pendens,
Pulvis ſuavis odore, et epiſtola ſuavis amore.
Induit arma ergo Veneris pulcherrima virgo;
Pulchrior in præſens tempus de tempore creſcens;
Jam reparat riſus, jam ſurgit gratia viſus,
Jam promit cultu, mirac'la latentia vultu;
Pigmina jam miſcet, quo plus ſua Purpura gliſcet,
Et geminans bellis ſplendet mage fulgor ocellis.
Stant Lemures muti, Nymphæ intentique ſaluti,
Hic figit Zonam, capiti locat ille Coronam,
Hæc manicis formam, plicis dat et altera normam;
Et tibi vel *Betty*, tibi vel nitidiſſima Letty!
Gloria factorum temere conceditur horum.

Th' inferior Prieſteſs, at her altar's ſide,
Trembling, begins the ſacred rites of Pride.
Unnumber'd treaſures ope at once, and here
The various off'rings of the world appear;
From each ſhe nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the Goddeſs with the glitt'ring ſpoil.
This caſket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The Tortoiſe here and Elephant unite,
Transform'd to combs, the ſpeckled, and the white.
Here files of pins extend their ſhining rows,
Puffs, Powders, Patches, Bibles, Billet-doux.
Now awful Beauty puts on all its arms;
The fair each moment riſes in her charms,
Repairs her ſmiles, awakens ev'ry grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
Sees by degrees a purer bluſh ariſe,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The buſy Sylphs ſurround their darling care,
Theſe ſet the head, and thoſe divide the hair,
Some fold the ſleeve, whilſt others plait the gown;
And Betty's prais'd for labours not her own.

VER. 145. *The buſy Sylphs, etc.*] Antient Traditions of the Rabbi's relate, that ſeveral of the fallen Angels became amorous of Women, and particularly ſome; among the reſt Aſael, who lay with Naamah, the wife of Noah, or of Ham; and who continuing impenitent, ſtill preſides over the Women's Toilets. Bereſhi Rabbi in Geneſ. vi. 2. P.

THE

THE RAPE of the LOCK.

CANTO II.

NOT with more glories, in th' etherial plain,
The Sun firſt riſes o'er the purpled main,
Than, iſſuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launch'd on the boſom of the ſilver Thames.
Fair Nymphs, and well-dreſt Youths around her ſhone,
But ev'ry eye was fix'd on her alone.
On her white breaſt a ſparkling Croſs ſhe wore,
Which Jews might kiſs, and Infidels adore.
Her lively looks a ſprightly mind diſcloſe,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as thoſe:
Favours to none, to all ſhe ſmiles extends;
Oft ſhe rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the ſun, her eyes the gazers ſtrike,
And, like the ſun, they ſhine on all alike.
Yet graceful eaſe, and ſweetneſs void of pride
Might hide her faults, if Belles had faults to hide:
If to her ſhare ſome female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all.

This

VARIATIONS.

VER. 4. *Launch'd on the boſom*] From hence the poem continues, in the firſt Edition, to v. 46.

The reſt the winds diſpers'd in empty air,

all after, to the end of this Canto, being additional. P.

This Nymph, to the deſtruction of mankind,
Nouriſh'd two Locks, which graceful hung behind
In equal curls, and well conſpir'd to deck
With ſhining ringlets the ſmooth iv'ry neck.
Love in theſe labyrinths his ſlaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in ſlender chains.
With hairy ſpringes we the birds betray,
Slight lines of hair ſurprize the finny prey,
Fair treſſes man's imperial race inſnare,
And beauty draws us with a ſingle hair.
Th' advent'rous Baron the bright locks admir'd;
He ſaw, he wiſh'd, and to the prize aſpir'd.
Reſolv'd to win, he meditates the way,
By force to raviſh, or by fraud betray;
For when ſucceſs a Lover's toil attends,
Few aſk, if fraud or force attain'd his ends.
For this, ere Phœbus roſe, he had implor'd
Propitious heav'n, and ev'ry pow'r ador'd,
But chiefly Love—to Love an Altar built,
Of twelve vaſt French Romances, neatly gilt.
There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves;
And all the trophies of his former loves;
With tender Billet-doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes three am'rous ſighs to raiſe the fire.
Then proſtrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
Soon to obtain, and long poſſeſs the prize:

The

IMITATIONS.

VER. 25. *With hairy ſpringes*] In alluſion to Anacreon's manner.

VER. 28. *with a ſingle hair.*] In alluſion to thoſe lines of Hudibras, applied to the ſame purpoſe,

And tho' it be a two foot Trout,
'Tis with a ſingle hair pull'd out.

The pow'rs gave ear, and granted half his pray'r,
The reſt, the winds diſpers'd in empty air.
But now ſecure the painted veſſel glides,
The ſun-beams trembling on the floating tides:
While melting muſic ſteals upon the ſky,
And ſoften'd ſounds along the waters die;
Smooth flow the waves, the Zephyrs gently play,
Belinda ſmil'd, and all the world was gay.
All but the Sylph—with careful thoughts oppreſt,
Th' impending woe ſat heavy on his breaſt.
He ſummons ſtrait his Denizens of air;
The lucid ſquadrons round the ſails repair;
Soft o'er the ſhrouds aërial whiſpers breathe,
That ſeem'd but Zephyrs to the train beneath.
Some to the ſun their inſect-wings unfold,
Waſt on the breeze, or ſink in clouds of gold;
Tranſparent forms, too fine for mortal ſight,
Their fluid bodies half diſſolv'd in light.
Looſe to the wind their airy garments flew,
Thin glitt'ring textures of the filmy dew,
Dipt in the richeſt tincture of the ſkies,
Where light diſports in ever-mingling dyes,
While ev'ry beam new tranſient colours flings,
Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.
Amid the circle, on the gilded maſt,
Superior by the head, was Ariel plac'd;
His purple pinions op'ning to the ſun,
He rais'd his azure wand, and thus begun.

Ye

IMITATIONS.

VER. 45. *The pow'rs gave ear,*] Virg. Æn. xi.

Ye Sylphs and Sylphids, to your chief give ear,
Fays, Fairies, Genii, Elves, and Dæmons hear!
Ye know the ſpheres and various taſks aſſign'd
By laws eternal to th' aërial kind.
Some in the fields of pureſt Æther play,
And baſk and whiten in the blaze of day.
Some guide the courſe of wand'ring orbs on high,
Or roll the planets thro' the boundleſs ſky.
Some leſs refin'd, beneath the moon's pale light
Purſue the ſtars that ſhoot athwart the night,
Or ſuck the miſts in groſſer air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
Or brew fierce tempeſts on the wintry main,
Or o'er the glebe diſtil the kindly rain.
Others on earth o'er human race preſide,
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide:
Of theſe the chief the care of Nations own,
And guard with Arms divine the Britiſh Throne.
Our humbler province is to tend the Fair,
Not a leſs pleaſing, tho' leſs glorious care;
To ſave the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let th' impriſon'd eſſences exhale;
To draw freſh colours from the vernal flow'rs;
To ſteal from rainbows e'er they drop in ſhow'rs
A brighter waſh; to curl their waving hairs,
Aſſiſt their bluſhes, and inſpire their airs;
Nay oft, in dreams, invention we beſtow,
To change a Flounce, or add a Furbelow.
This day, black Omens threat the brighteſt Fair
That e'er deſerv'd a watchful ſpirit's care;
Some dire diſaſter, or by force, or ſlight;
But what, or where, the fates have wrapt in night.

Whether the nymph ſhall break Diana's law,
Or ſome frail China jar receive a flaw;
Or ſtain her honour, or her new brocade;
Forget her pray'rs, or miſs a maſquerade;
Or loſe her heart, or necklace at a ball;
Or whether Heav'n has doom'd that Shock muſt fall.
Haſte then, ye ſpirits! to your charge repair:
The flutt'ring fan be Zephyretta's care;
The drops to thee, Brillante, we conſign;
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;
Do thou, Criſpiſſa, tend her fav'rite Lock;
Ariel himſelf ſhall be the guard of Shock.

To fifty choſen Sylphs, of ſpecial note,
We truſt th' important charge, the Petticoat:
Oft have we known that ſeven-fold fence to fail,
Tho' ſtiff with hoops, and arm'd with ribs of whale;
Form a ſtrong line about the ſilver bound,
And guard the wide circumference around.

Whatever ſpirit, careleſs of his charge,
His poſt neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel ſharp vengeance ſoon o'ertake his ſins,
Be ſtop'd in vials, or transfix'd with pins;
Or plung'd in lakes of bitter waſhes lie,
Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye:

Gums

IMITATIONS.

VER. 119. — *clypei dominus* ſeptemplicis *Ajax.* Ovid.

VER. 121. *about the ſilver bound*] In alluſion to the ſhield of Achilles,

Thus the broad ſhield complete the Artiſt crown'd,
With his laſt hand, and pour'd the Ocean round:
In living Silver *ſeem'd the waves to roll,*
And beat the Buckler's verge, and bound the whole.

Gums and Pomatums ſhall his flight reſtrain,
While clog'd he beats his ſilken wings in vain;
Or Alum ſtyptics with contracting pow'r
Shrink his thin eſſence like a rivel'd flow'r:
Or, as Ixion fix'd, the wretch ſhall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling Mill,
In fumes of burning Chocolate ſhall glow,
And tremble at the ſea that froths below!
He ſpoke; the ſpirits from the ſails deſcend;
Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend;
Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair;
Some hang upon the pendants of her ear;
With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
Anxious, and trembling for the birth of Fate.

THE RAPE of the LOCK.

CANTO III.

CLOSE by thoſe meads, for ever crown'd with flow'rs,
Where Thames with pride ſurveys his riſing tow'rs,
There ſtands a ſtructure of majeſtic frame,
Which from the neighb'ring Hampton takes its name.
Here Britain's ſtateſmen oft the fall foredoom
Of foreign Tyrants, and of Nymphs at home;
Here thou, great ANNA! whom three realms obey,
Doſt ſometimes counſel take—and ſometimes Tea.
Hither the heroes and the nymphs reſort,
To taſte awhile the pleaſures of a Court;
In various talk th' inſtructive hours they paſt,
Who gave the ball, or paid the viſit laſt;
One ſpeaks the glory of the Britiſh Queen,
And one deſcribes a charming Indian ſcreen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
At ev'ry word a reputation dies.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 1. *Cloſe by thoſe meads,*] The firſt Edition continues from this line to v. 24. of this Canto. P.

VER. 11, 12. Originally in the firſt Edition,

In various talk the chearful hours they paſt,
Of, who was bit, or who capotted laſt. P.

Snuff, or the fan, ſupply each pauſe of chat,
With ſinging, laughing, ogling, *and all that.*
Mean while, declining from the noon of day,
The ſun obliquely ſhoots his burning ray;
The hungry Judges ſoon the ſentence ſign,
And wretches hang that jury-men may dine;
The merchant from th' Exchange returns in peace,
And the long labours of the Toilet ceaſe.
Belinda now, whom thirſt of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two advent'rous Knights,
At Ombre ſingly to decide their doom;
And ſwells her breaſt with conqueſts yet to come.
Strait the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the ſacred nine.
Soon as ſhe ſpreads her hand, th' aërial guard
Deſcend, and ſit on each important card:
Firſt Ariel perch'd upon a Matadore,
Then each, according to the rank they bore;
For Sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.
Behold, four Kings in majeſty rever'd,
With hoary whiſkers and a forky beard;
And four fair Queens whoſe hands ſuſtain a flow'r,
Th' expreſſive emblem of their ſofter pow'r;
Four Knaves in garbs ſuccinct, a truſty band,
Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand;
And particolour'd troops, a ſhining train,
Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.

The

VARIATIONS.

VER. 24. *And the long labours of the Toilet ceaſe.*] All that follows of the game at *Ombre*, was added ſince the firſt Edition, till v. 105. which connected thus,

Sudden the board with cups and ſpoons is crown'd. P.

The ſkilful Nymph reviews her force with care:
Let Spades be trumps! ſhe ſaid, and trumps they were.
Now move to war her ſable Matadores,
In ſhow like leaders of the ſwarthy Moors.
Spadillio firſt, unconquerable Lord!
Led off two captive trumps, and ſwept the board.
As many more Manillio forc'd to yield,
And march'd a victor from the verdant field.
Him Baſto follow'd, but his fate more hard
Gain'd but one trump and one Plebeian card.
With his broad ſabre next, a chief in years,
The hoary Majeſty of Spades appears,
Puts forth one manly leg, to ſight reveal'd,
The reſt, his many-colour'd robe conceal'd.
The rebel Knave, who dares his prince engage,
Proves the juſt victim of his royal rage.
Ev'n mighty Pam, that Kings and Queens o'erthrew
And mow'd down armies in the fights of Lu,
Sad chance of war! now deſtitute of aid,
Falls undiſtinguiſh'd by the victor Spade!
Thus far both armies to Belinda yield;
Now to the Baron fate inclines the field.
His warlike Amazon her hoſt invades,
Th' imperial conſort of the crown of Spades.
The Club's black Tyrant firſt her victim dy'd,
Spite of his haughty mien, and barb'rous pride:

VER. 47. *Now move to war, etc.*] The whole idea of this deſcription of a game at Ombre, is taken from Vida's deſcription of a game at Cheſs, in his poem intit. *Scacchia Ludus.*

What boots the regal circle on his head,
His giant limbs, in ſtate unwieldy ſpread;
That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
And, of all monarchs, only graſps the globe?
The Baron now his Diamonds pours apace;
Th' embroider'd King who ſhows but half his face
And his refulgent Queen, with pow'rs combin'd
Of broken troops an eaſy conqueſt find.
Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild diſorder ſeen,
With throngs promiſcuous ſtrow the level green.
Thus when diſpers'd a routed army runs,
Of Aſia's troops, and Afric's ſable ſons,
With like confuſion different nations fly,
Of various habit, and of various dye,
The pierc'd battalions diſ-united fall,
In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.
The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (oh ſhameful chance!) the Queen of Hearts.
At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forſook,
A livid paleneſs ſpreads o'er all her look;
She ſees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,
Juſt in the jaws of ruin, and Codille.
And now, (as oft in ſome diſtemper'd State)
On one nice Trick depends the gen'ral fate.
An Ace of Hearts ſteps forth: The King unſeen
Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive Queen
He ſprings to vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like thunder on the proſtrate Ace.
The nymph exulting fills with ſhouts the ſky;
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.

O thoughtleſs mortals! ever blind to fate,
Too ſoon dejected, and too ſoon elate.
Sudden, theſe honours ſhall be ſnatch'd away,
And curs'd for ever this victorious day.
For lo! the board with cups and ſpoons is crown'd,
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round;
On ſhining Altars of Japan they raiſe
The ſilver lamp; the fiery ſpirits blaze:
From ſilver ſpouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the ſmoaking tide:
At once they gratify their ſcent and taſte,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repaſte.
Strait hover round the Fair her airy band;
Some, as ſhe ſipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd,
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes diſplay'd,
Trembling, and conſcious of the rich brocade.
Coffee, (which makes the politician wiſe,
And ſee thro' all things with his half-ſhut eyes)
Sent up in vapours to the Baron's brain
New ſtratagems, the radiant Lock to gain.
Ah ceaſe, raſh youth! deſiſt ere 'tis too late,
Fear the juſt Gods, and think of Scylla's Fate!

VER. 122. *and think of Scylla's Fate!*] Vide Ovid Metam. viii. P.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 105. *Sudden the board, etc.*] From hence, the firſt Edition continues to v. 134. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 101.

Neſcia mens hominum fati ſortiſque futuræ,
Et ſervare modum, rebus ſublata ſecundis!
Turno tempus erit, magno cum optaverit emptum
Intactum Pallanta; et cum ſpolia iſta diemque
Oderit Virg.

Chang'd to a bird, and ſent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for Niſus' injur'd hair!
But when to miſchief mortals bend their will,
How ſoon they find fit inſtruments of ill?
Juſt then, Clariſſa drew with tempting grace
A two-edg'd weapon from her ſhining caſe:
So Ladies in Romance aſſiſt their Knight,
Preſent the ſpear, and arm him for the fight.
He takes the gift with rev'rence, and extends
The little engine on his finger's ends;
This juſt behind Belinda's neck he ſpread,
As o'er the fragrant ſteams ſhe bends her head.
Swift to the Lock a thouſand Sprites repair,
A thouſand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear;
Thrice ſhe look'd back, and thrice the foe drew near.
Juſt in that inſtant, anxious Ariel ſought
The cloſe receſſes of the Virgin's thought;
As on the noſegay in her breaſt reclin'd,
He watch'd th' Ideas riſing in her mind,
Sudden he view'd, in ſpite of all her art,
An earthly Lover lurking at her heart.
Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his pow'r expir'd,
Reſign'd to fate, and with a ſigh retir'd.

The

VARIATIONS.

VER. 134. In the firſt Edition it was thus,

As o'er the fragrant ſteam ſhe bends her head.
Firſt he expands the glitt'ring forfex wide
T' incloſe the Lock; then joins it to divide:
The meeting points the ſacred hair diſſever,
From the fair head, for ever and for ever. v. 154.

All that is between was added afterwards. P.

The Peer now ſpreads the glitt'ring Forfex wide,
T' incloſe the Lock; now joins it, to divide.
Ev'n then, before the fatal engine clos'd,
A wretched Sylph too fondly interpos'd;
Fate urg'd the ſheers, and cut the Sylph in twain,
(But airy ſubſtance ſoon unites again)
The meeting points the ſacred hair diſſever
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever!
Then flaſh'd the living lightning from her eyes,
And ſcreams of horror rend th' affrighted ſkies.
Not louder ſhrieks to pitying heav'n are caſt,
When huſbands, or when lapdogs breathe their laſt;
Or when rich China veſſels fall'n from high,
In glitt'ring duſt, and painted fragments lie!
Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,
(The Victor cry'd) the glorious Prize is mine!
While fiſh in ſtreams, or birds delight in air,
Or in a coach and ſix the Britiſh Fair,
As long as Atalantis ſhall be read,
Or the ſmall pillow grace a Lady's bed,
While viſits ſhall be paid on ſolemn days,
When num'rous wax-lights in bright order blaze,
While nymphs take treats, or aſſignations give,
So long my honour, name, and praiſe ſhall live!

VER. 152. *But airy ſubſtance*] See Milton, lib. vi. of Satan cut aſunder by the Angel Michael. P.

VER. 165. *Atalantis*] A famous book written about that time by a woman: full of Court, and Party-ſcandal; and in a looſe effeminacy of ſtyle and ſentiment, which well ſuited the debauched taſte of the better Vulgar.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 163, 170.

Dum juga montis aper, fluviis dum piſcis amabit,
Semper honos, nomenque tuum laudeſque manebunt.

Virg.

What Time would ſpare, from Steel receives its date,
And monuments, like men, ſubmit to fate!
Steel could the labour of the Gods deſtroy,
And ſtrike to duſt th' imperial tow'rs of Troy;
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
What wonder then, fair nymph! thy hairs ſhould feel,
The conqu'ring force of unreſiſted ſteel?

IMITATIONS.

VER. 177.

Ille quoque everſus mons eſt, etc.
Quid faciant crines, cum ferro talia cedant?
Catull. de com. Berenices.

THE RAPE of the LOCK.

CANTO IV.

BUT anxious cares the penſive nymph oppreſs'd,
And ſecret paſſions labour'd in her breaſt.
Not youthful kings in battle ſeiz'd alive,
Not ſcornful virgins who their charms ſurvive,
Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliſs,
Not ancient ladies when refus'd a kiſs,
Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
Not Cynthia when her manteau's pinn'd awry,
E'er felt ſuch rage, reſentment, and deſpair,
As thou, ſad Virgin! for thy raviſh'd Hair.
For, that ſad moment, when the Sylphs withdrew,
And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,

Um-

VARIATIONS.

VER. 11. *For that ſad moment, etc.*] All the lines from hence to the 94th verſe that deſcribe the houſe of Spleen are not in the firſt Edition; inſtead of them followed only theſe,

While her rack'd Soul repoſe and peace requires,
The fierce Thaleſtris fans the riſing fires.

And continued at the 94th Verſe of this Canto. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 1. Virg. Æn. iv. At regina gravi, etc. P.

Umbriel, a duſky, melancholy ſprite,
As ever ſully'd the fair face of light,
Down to the central earth, his proper ſcene,
Repair'd to ſearch the gloomy Cave of Spleen.
Swift on his ſooty pinions flits the Gnome,
And in a vapour reach'd the diſmal dome.
No chearful breeze this ſullen region knows,
The dreaded Eaſt is all the wind that blows.
Here in a grotto, ſhelter'd cloſe from air,
And ſcreen'd in ſhades from day's deteſted glare,
She ſighs for ever on her penſive bed,
Pain at her ſide, and Megrim at her head.
Two handmaids wait the throne: alike in place,
But diff'ring far in figure and in face.
Here ſtood Ill-nature like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd;
With ſtore of pray'rs, for mornings, nights, and noons,
Her hand is fill'd; her boſom with lampoons.
There Affectation, with a ſickly mien,
Shows in her cheek the rōſes of eighteen,
Practis'd to liſp, and hang the head aſide,
Faints into airs, and languiſhes with pride,
On the rich quilt ſinks with becoming woe,
Wrapt in a gown, for ſickneſs, and for ſhow.
The fair-ones feel ſuch maladies as theſe,
When each new night-dreſs gives a new diſeaſe.
A conſtant Vapour o'er the palace flies;
Strange phantoms riſing as the miſts ariſe;
Dreadful, as hermit's dreams in haunted ſhades,
Or bright, as viſions of expiring maids.

Now

Now glaring fiends, and ſnakes on rolling ſpires,
Pale ſpectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires:
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elyſian ſcenes,
And cryſtal domes, and Angels in machines.

Unnumber'd throngs on ev'ry ſide are ſeen,
Of bodies chang'd to various forms by Spleen.
Here living Tea-pots ſtand, one arm held out,
One bent; the handle this, and that the ſpout:
A Pipkin there, like Homer's Tripod walks;
Here ſighs a Jar, and there a Gooſe-pye talks;
Men prove with child, as pow'rful fancy works,
And maids turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.

Safe paſt the Gnome thro' this fantaſtic band,
A branch of healing Spleenwort in his hand.
Then thus addreſs'd the pow'r — Hail wayward Queen!
Who rule the ſex to fifty from fifteen:
Parent of vapours and of female wit,
Who give th' hyſteric, or poetic fit,
On various tempers act by various ways,
Make ſome take phyſic, others ſcribble plays;
Who cauſe the proud their viſits to delay,
And ſend the godly in a pet to pray.
A nymph there is, that all thy pow'r diſdains,
And thouſands more in equal mirth maintains.

But

IMITATIONS.

VER. 51. *Homer's Tripod walks;*] See Hom. Iliad xviii. of Vulcan's walking Tripods.

VER. 52. *and there a Gooſe-pye talks.*] Alludes to a real fact, a Lady of diſtinction imagin'd herſelf in this condition. P.

But oh! if e'er thy Gnome could ſpoil a grace,
Or raiſe a pimple on a beauteous face,
Like Citron-waters matrons cheeks inflame,
Or change complexions at a loſing game;
If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,
Or caus'd ſuſpicion when no ſoul was rude,
Or diſcompos'd the head-dreſs of a Prude,
Or e'er to coſtive lap-dog gave diſeaſe
Which not the tears of brighteſt eyes could eaſe:
Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin,
That ſingle act gives half the world the ſpleen.
The Goddeſs with a diſcontented air
Seems to reject him, tho' ſhe grants his pray'r.
A wond'rous Bag with both her hands ſhe binds,
Like that where once Ulyſſes held the winds;
There ſhe collects the force of female lungs,
Sighs, ſobs, and paſſions, and the war of tongues.
A Vial next ſhe fills with fainting fears,
Soft ſorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
The Gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
Spreads his black wings, and ſlowly mounts to day.
Sunk in Thaleſtris' arms the nymph he found,
Her eyes dejected, and her hair unbound.
Full o'er their heads the ſwelling bag he rent,
And all the Furies iſſu'd at the vent.
Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
And fierce Thaleſtris fans the riſing fire.
O wretched maid! ſhe ſpread her hands, and cry'd,
(While Hampton's echoes, wretched maid! reply'd)
Was it for this you took ſuch conſtant care
The bodkin, comb, and eſſence to prepare?

For

For this your locks in paper durance bound,
For this with tort'ring irons wreath'd around?
For this with fillets ſtrain'd your tender head,
And bravely bore the double loads of lead?
Gods! ſhall the raviſher diſplay your hair,
While the Fops envy, and the Ladies ſtare!
Honour forbid! at whoſe unrival'd ſhrine
Eaſe, pleaſure, virtue, all our ſex reſign.
Methinks already I your tears ſurvey,
Already hear the horrid things they ſay,
Already ſee you a degraded toaſt,
And all your honour in a whiſper loſt!
How ſhall I, then, your helpleſs fame defend?
'Twill then be infamy to ſeem your friend!
And ſhall this prize, th' ineſtimable prize,
Expos'd thro' cryſtal to the gazing eyes,
And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays,
On that rapacious hand for ever blaze?
Sooner ſhall graſs in Hyde-park Circus grow,
And wits take lodgings in the ſound of Bow;
Sooner let earth, air, ſea, to Chaos fall,
Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, periſh all!
She ſaid; then raging to Sir Plume repairs,
And bids her Beau demand the precious hairs:
(Sir Plume of amber ſnuff-box juſtly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane)

With

VER 121. *Sir Plume repairs,*] Sir George Brown. He was the only one of the Party who took the thing ſeriouſly. He was angry, that the Poet ſhould make him talk nothing but nonſenſe; and, in truth, one could not well blame him.

With earneſt eyes, and round unthinking face,
He firſt the ſnuff-box open'd, then the caſe,
And thus broke out—"My Lord, why, what the
"devil?
"Z—ds! damn the lock! 'fore Gad, you muſt be
"civil!
"Plague on't! 'tis paſt a jeſt—nay prithee, pox!
"Give her the hair"—he ſpoke, and rapp'd his box.
It grieves me much (reply'd the Peer again)
Who ſpeaks ſo well ſhould ever ſpeak in vain.
But by this Lock, this ſacred Lock I ſwear,
(Which never more ſhall join its parted hair;
Which never more its honours ſhall renew,
Clip'd from the lovely head where late it grew)
That while my noſtrils draw the vital air,
This hand, which won it, ſhall for ever wear.
He ſpoke, and ſpeaking, in proud triumph ſpread
The long-contended honours of her head.
But Umbriel, hateful Gnome! forbears not ſo;
He breaks the Vial whence the ſorrows flow.
Then ſee! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,
Her eyes half-languiſhing, half-drown'd in tears;
On her heav'd boſom hung her drooping head,
Which, with a ſigh, ſhe rais'd; and thus ſhe ſaid:
For

VER. 141. *But Umbriel, hateful Gnome! forbears not ſo; He breaks the Vial whence the ſorrows flow.*] Theſe two lines are additional; and aſſign the cauſe of the different operation on the Paſſions of the two Ladies. The poem went on before without that diſtinction, as without any Machinery to the end of the Canto. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 133. *But by this Lock,*] In alluſion to Achilles's *oath in Homer, Il.* i. P.

For ever curs'd be this deteſted day,
Which ſnatch'd my beſt, my fav'rite curl away!
Happy! ah ten times happy had I been,
If Hampton-Court theſe eyes had never ſeen!
Yet am not I the firſt miſtaken maid
By love of Courts to num'rous ills betray'd.
Oh had I rather un-admir'd remain'd
In ſome lone iſle, or diſtant Northern land;
Where the gilt Chariot never marks the way,
Where none learn Ombre, none e'er taſte Bohea!
There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye,
Like roſes, that in deſerts bloom and die.
What mov'd my mind with youthful Lords to roam?
O had I ſtay'd, and ſaid my pray'rs at home!
'Twas this, the morning omens ſeem'd to tell,
Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell;
The tott'ring China ſhook without a wind,
Nay Poll ſat mute, and Shock was moſt unkind!
A Sylph too warn'd me of the threats of fate,
In myſtic viſions, now believ'd too late!
See the poor remnants of theſe ſlighted hairs!
My hands ſhall rend what ev'n thy rapine ſpares:
Theſe in two ſable ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new beauties to the ſnowy neck;
The ſiſter lock now ſits uncouth, alone,
And in its fellow's fate foreſees its own;
Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal ſheers demands,
And tempts once more, thy ſacrilegious hands.
Oh hadſt thou, cruel! been content to ſeize
Hairs leſs in ſight, or any hairs but theſe!

THE
RAPE of the LOCK.

CANTO V.

SHE ſaid: the pitying audience melt in tears.
But Fate and Jove had ſtopp'd the Baron's ears.
In vain Thaleſtris with reproach aſſails,
For who can move when fair Belinda fails?
Not half ſo fix'd the Trojan could remain,
While Anna begg'd and Dido rag'd in vain.
Then grave Clariſſa graceful wav'd her fan;
Silence enſu'd, and thus the nymph began.
Say why are Beauties prais'd and honour'd moſt,
The wiſe man's paſſion, and the vain man's toaſt?
Why

VARIATIONS.

VER. 7. *Then grave Clariſſa, etc.*] A new Character introduced in the ſubſequent Editions, to open more clearly the MORAL of the Poem, in a parody of the ſpeech of Sarpedon to Glaucus in Homer. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 9. *Say why are Beauties, etc.*]

Why boaſt we, Glaucus! our extended reign,
Where Xanthus' ſtreams enrich the Lycian plain;
Our num'rous herds that range the fruitful field,
And hills where vines their purple harveſt yield;
Our foaming bowls with purer nectar crown'd,
Our feaſts enhanc'd with muſic's ſprightly ſound;

Why

hy deck'd with all that land and ſea afford,
hy Angels call'd, and Angel-like ador'd?
hy round our coaches croud the white-glov'd Beaux,
hy bows the ſide-box from its inmoſt rows?
ow vain are all theſe glories, all our pains,
leſs good ſenſe preſerve what beauty gains:
iat men may ſay, when we the front-box grace,
hold the firſt in virtue as in face!
ı! if to dance all night, and dreſs all day,
iarm'd the ſmall-pox, or chas'd old age away;
ho would not ſcorn what houſewife's cares produce,
r who would learn one earthly thing of uſe?
o patch, nay ogle, might become a Saint,
or could it ſure be ſuch a ſin to paint.

Why on thoſe ſhores are we with joy ſurvey'd;
Admir'd as heroes, and as Gods obey'd;
Unleſs great acts ſuperior merit prove,
And vindicate the bounteous pow'rs above?
'Tis ours, the dignity they give, to grace;
The firſt in valour, as the firſt in place:
That when with wond'ring eyes our martial bands
Behold our deeds tranſcending our commands,
Such, they may cry, deſerve the ſov'reign ſtate,
Whom thoſe that envy, dare not imitate;
Could all our care elude the gloomy grave,
Which claims no leſs the fearful than the brave,
For luſt of fame I ſhould not vainly dare
In fighting fields, nor urge thy ſoul to war.
But ſince, alas! ignoble age muſt come,
Diſeaſe, and death's inexorable doom;
The life which others pay, let us beſtow,
And give to fame what we to nature owe;
Brave tho' we fall, and honour'd if we live,
Or let us glory gain, or glory give.

But ſince, alas! frail beauty muſt decay,
Curl'd or uncurl'd, ſince Locks will turn to grey;
Since painted, or not painted, all ſhall fade,
And ſhe who ſcorns a man, muſt die a maid;
What then remains, but well our pow'r to uſe,
And keep good-humour ſtill whate'er we loſe?
And truſt me, dear! good-humour can prevail,
When airs, and flights, and ſcreams, and ſcolding fail.
Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
Charms ſtrike the ſight, but merit wins the ſoul.
So ſpoke the Dame, but no applauſe enſu'd;
Belinda frown'd, Thaleſtris call'd her Prude.
To arms, to arms! the fierce Virago cries,
And ſwift as lightning to the combat flies.
All ſide in parties, and begin th' attack;
Fans clap, ſilks ruſtle, and tough whalebones crack;
Heroes and Heroines ſhouts confus'dly riſe,
And baſe, and treble voices ſtrike the ſkies.
No common weapons in their hands are found,
Like Gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.
So when bold Homer makes the Gods engage,
And heav'nly breaſts with human paſſions rage;
'Gainſt

VER. 45. *So when bold Homer*] Homer, Il. xx. P.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 37. *To arms, to arms!*] From hence the firſt Edition goes on to the Concluſion, except a very few ſhort inſertions added, to keep the Machinery in view to the end of the poem. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 35. *So ſpoke the Dame,*] It is a verſe frequently repeated in Homer after any ſpeech,

So ſpoke—and all the Heroes applauded. P.

'Gainſt Pallas, Mars; Latona, Hermes arms;
And all Olympus rings with loud alarms:
Jove's thunder roars, heav'n trembles all around,
Blue Neptune ſtorms, the bellowing deeps reſound:
Earth ſhakes her nodding tow'rs, the ground gives way,
And the pale ghoſts ſtart at the flaſh of day!
  Triumphant Umbriel on a ſconce's height
Clap'd his glad wings, and ſate to view the fight:
Prop'd on their bodkin ſpears, the Sprites ſurvey
The growing combat, or aſſiſt the fray.
  While thro' the preſs enrag'd Thaleſtris flies,
And ſcatters death around from both her eyes,
A Beau and Witling periſh'd in the throng,
One dy'd in metaphor, and one in ſong.
"Oh cruel nymph! a living death I bear,
Cry'd Dapperwit, and ſunk beſide his chair.
A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards caſt,
"Thoſe eyes are made ſo killing—was his laſt.
Thus on Mæander's flow'ry margin lies
Th' expiring Swan, and as he ſings he dies.
  When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clariſſa down,
Chloe ſtepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown;

VARIATIONS.

VER. 53. *Triumphant Umbriel*] Theſe four lines added, for the reaſon before mentioned. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 53. *Triumphant Umbriel*] Minerva in like manner, during the Battle of Ulyſſes with the Suitors in Odyſſ. perches on a beam of the roof to behold it. P.

VER. 64. *Thoſe eyes are made ſo killing*] The words of a Song in the Opera of Camilla. P.

VER. 65. *Thus on Mæander's flow'ry margin lies*]

Sic ubi fata vocant, udis abjectus in herbis,
Ad vada Mæandri concinit albus olor. Ov. Ep. P.

She ſmil'd to ſee the doughty heroe ſlain,
But, at her ſmile, the Beau reviv'd again.
Now Jove ſuſpends his golden ſcales in air,
Weighs the Mens wits againſt the Lady's hair;
The doubtful beam long nods from ſide to ſide;
At length the wits mount up, the hairs ſubſide.
See fierce Belinda on the Baron flies,
With more than uſual lightning in her eyes:
Nor fear'd the Chief th' unequal fight to try,
Who fought no more than on his foe to die.
But this bold Lord with manly ſtrength endu'd,
She with one finger and a thumb ſubdu'd:
Juſt where the breath of life his noſtrils drew,
A charge of Snuff the wily virgin threw;
The Gnomes direct, to ev'ry atom juſt,
The pungent grains of titillating duſt.
Sudden, with ſtarting tears each eye o'erflows,
And the high dome re-echoes to his noſe.
Now meet thy fate, incens'd Belinda cry'd,
And drew a deadly bodkin from her ſide.
(The ſame, his ancient perſonage to deck,
Her great great grandſire wore about his neck,
In three ſeal-rings; which after, melted down,
Form'd a vaſt buckle for his widow's gown:
Her infant grandame's whiſtle next it grew,
The bells ſhe jingled, and the whiſtle blew;

Then

VER. 71 *Now Jove, etc.*] Vid. Homer Il. viii. and Virg. Æn. xii. P.

IMITATION.

VER. 83. *The Gnomes direct,*] Theſe two lines added for the above reaſon. P.

VER. 89. *The ſame, his ancient perſonage to deck*] In *imitation* of the progreſs of Agamemnon's ſceptre in *Homer, Il.* ii. P.

Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs,
Which long ſhe wore, and now Belinda wears.)
Boaſt not my fall (he cry'd) inſulting foe!
Thou by ſome other ſhalt be laid as low.
Nor think, to die dejects my lofty mind:
All that I dread is leaving you behind!
Rather than ſo, ah let me ſtill ſurvive,
And burn in Cupid's flames,—but burn alive.
Reſtore the Lock! ſhe cries; and all around
Reſtore the Lock! the vaulted roofs rebound.
Not fierce Othello in ſo loud a ſtrain
Roar'd for the handkerchief that caus'd his pain.
But ſee how oft ambitious aims are croſs'd,
And chiefs contend 'till all the prize is loſt!
The Lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept with pain,
In ev'ry place is ſought, but ſought in vain:
With ſuch a prize no mortal muſt be bleſt,
So heav'n decrees! with heav'n who can conteſt?
Some thought it mounted to the Lunar ſphere,
Since all things loſt on earth are treaſur'd there.
There Hero's wits are kept in pond'rous vaſes,
And Beau's in ſnuff-boxes and tweezer-caſes.
There broken vows, and death-bed alms are found,
And lovers hearts with ends of ribband bound,
The courtier's promiſes, and ſick man's pray'rs,
The ſmiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs,
Cages for gnats, and chains to yoak a flea,
Dry'd butterflies, and tomes of caſuiſtry.
But truſt the Muſe—ſhe ſaw it upward riſe,
Tho' mark'd by none, but quick, poetic eyes:

VER. 114. *Since all things loſt*] Vid. Ariofto. Canto *xxxiv.* P.

(So Rome's great founder to the heav'ns withdrew,
To Proculus alone confeſs'd in view)
A ſudden Star, it ſhot thro' liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
Not Berenice's Locks firſt roſe ſo bright,
The heav'ns beſpangling with diſhevel'd light.
The Sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
And pleas'd purſue its progreſs thro' the ſkies.
This the Beau monde ſhall from the Mall ſurvey,
And hail with muſic its propitious ray.
This the bleſt Lover ſhall for Venus take,
And ſend up vows from Roſamonda's lake.
This Partridge ſoon ſhall view in cloudleſs ſkies,
When next he looks thro' Galilæo's eyes;
And hence th' egregious wizard ſhall foredoom
The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome.
Then ceaſe, bright Nymph! to mourn thy raviſh'd hair,
Which adds new glory to the ſhining ſphere!
Not all the treſſes that fair head can boaſt,
Shall draw ſuch envy as the Lock you loſt.

For,

VER. 137. *This Partridge ſoon*] John Partridge was a ridiculous Star-gazer, who in his Almanacks every year never fail'd to predict the downfal of the Pope, and the King of France, then at war with the Engliſh. P.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 131. *The Sylphs behold*] Theſe two lines added for the ſame reaſon to keep in view the Machinery of the Poem. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 128.

Flammiferumque trahens ſpatioſo limite crinem
Stella micat. Ovid.

For, after all the murders of your eye,
When, after millions ſlain, yourſelf ſhall die;
When thoſe fair ſuns ſhall ſet, as ſet they muſt,
And all thoſe treſſes ſhall be laid in duſt,
This Lock, the Muſe ſhall conſecrate to fame,
And 'midſt the ſtars inſcribe Belinda's name.

ELEGY

To the MEMORY of an

UNFORTUNATE LADY*.

WHAT beck'ning ghoſt, along the moon-light ſhade
Invites my ſteps, and points to yonder glade?
'Tis ſhe! — but why that bleeding boſom gor'd,
Why dimly gleams the viſionary ſword?
Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,
Is it, in heav'n, a crime to love too well?
To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,
To act a Lover's or a Roman's part?
Is there no bright reverſion in the ſky,
For thoſe who greatly think, or bravely die?
Why bade ye elſe, ye Pow'rs! her ſoul aſpire
Above the vulgar flight of low deſire.
Ambition firſt ſprung from your bleſt abodes;
The glorious fault of Angels and of Gods:

Thence

* See the Duke of Buckingham's verſes to a Lady deſigning to retire into a Monaſtery compared with Mr. Pope's Letters to ſeveral Ladies, p. 206. She ſeems to be the ſame perſon whoſe unfortunate death is the ſubject of this poem. P.

Thence to their images on earth it flows,
And in the breasts of Kings and Heroes glows.
Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull sullen pris'ners in the body's cage:
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres;
Like Eastern Kings a lazy state they keep,
And close confin'd to their own palace, sleep.
From these perhaps (ere nature bade her die)
Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.
As into air the purer spirits flow,
And sep'rate from their kindred dregs below;
So flew the soul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her Race.
But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,
Thou, mean deserter of thy brother's blood!
See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
These cheeks, now fading at the blast of death;
Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before,
And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.
Thus, if Eternal justice rules the ball,
Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall:
On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
And frequent hearses shall besiege your gates.
There passengers shall stand, and pointing say,
(While the long fun'rals blacken all the way)
Lo these were they, whose souls the Furies steel'd,
And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield.
Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
So perish all, whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow
For others good, or melt at others woe.

What can atone (oh ever-injur'd ſhade!)
Thy fate unpity'd, and thy rites unpaid?
No friend's complaint, no kind domeſtic tear
Pleas'd thy pale ghoſt, or grac'd thy mournful bier:
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By ſtrangers honour'd, and by ſtrangers mourn'd!
What tho' no friends in ſable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances, and the public ſhow?
What tho' no weeping Loves thy aſhes grace,
Nor poliſh'd marble emulate thy face?
What tho' no ſacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?
Yet ſhall thy grave with riſing flow'rs be dreſt,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breaſt:
There ſhall the morn her earlieſt tears beſtow,
There the firſt roſes of the year ſhall blow;
While Angels with their ſilver wings o'erſhade
The ground, now ſacred by thy reliques made.

So peaceful reſts, without a ſtone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of duſt alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud ſhall be!

Poets themſelves muſt fall, like thoſe they ſung,
Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
Ev'n he, whoſe ſoul now melts in mourful lays,
Shall ſhortly want the gen'rous tear he pays;

Then from his cloſing eyes thy form ſhall part,
And the laſt pang ſhall tear thee from his heart.
Life's idle buſineſs at one gaſp be o'er,
The Muſe forgot, and thou belov'd no more!

PRO-

PROLOGUE

TO

Mr. ADDISON's Tragedy

OF

CATO.

TO wake the ſoul by tender ſtrokes of art,
To raiſe the genius, and to mend the heart;
To make mankind, in conſcious virtue bold,
Live o'er each ſcene, and be what they behold:
For this the Tragic Muſe firſt trod the ſtage,
Commanding tears to ſtream thro' ev'ry age;
Tyrants no more their ſavage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
Our author ſhuns by vulgar ſprings to move
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love;
In pitying Love, we but our weakneſs ſhow,
And wild Ambition well deſerves its woe.
Here tears ſhall flow from a more gen'rous cauſe,
Such Tears as Patriots ſhed for dying Laws:
He bids your breaſts with ancient ardour riſe,
And calls forth Roman drops from Britiſh eyes.

Virtue

Virtue confeſs'd in human ſhape he draws,
What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was:
No common object to your ſight diſplays,
But what with pleaſure Heav'n itſelf ſurveys,
A brave man ſtruggling in the ſtorms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling ſtate.
While Cato gives his little Senate laws,
What boſom beats not in his Country's cauſe?
Who ſees him act, but envies ev'ry deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wiſh to bleed?
Ev'n when proud Cæſar, 'midſt triumphal cars,
The ſpoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Show'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in ſtate;
As her dead Father's rev'rend image paſt,
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercaſt;
The Triumph ceas'd, tears guſh'd from ev'ry eye;
The World's great Victor paſs'd unheeded by;
Her laſt good man dejected Rome ador'd,
And honour'd Cæſar's leſs than Cato's ſword.
Britons, attend: be worth like this approv'd,
And ſhow, you have the virtue to be mov'd.
With honeſt ſcorn the firſt fam'd Cato view'd
Rome learning arts from Greece, whom ſhe ſubdu'd;

Your

VER. 20. *But what with pleaſure*] This alludes to a famous paſſage of Seneca, which Mr. Addiſon afterwards uſed as a motto to his play, when it was printed.

VER. 37. *Britons, attend*] Mr. Pope had written it *ariſe*, in the ſpirit of Poetry and Liberty; but Mr. Addiſon frightend at ſo *daring an expreſſion*, which, he thought, ſquinted at rebellion, would have it alter'd, in *the ſpirit of Proſe* and Politics, to *attend*.

Your ſcene precariouſly ſubſiſts too long
On French tranſlation, and Italian ſong.
Dare to have ſenſe yourſelves; aſſert the ſtage,
Be juſtly warm'd with your own native rage:
Such Plays alone ſhould win a Britiſh ear,
As Cato's ſelf had not diſdain'd to hear.

VER. 46. *As Cato ſelf, etc.*] This alludes to the famous ſtory of his going into the Theatre, and immediately coming out again.

EPI-

EPILOGUE

TO

Mr. ROWE'S JANE SHORE.

Deſigned for Mrs. OLDFIELD.

PRodigious this! the Frail-one of our Play
From her own Sex ſhould mercy find to-day!
You might have held the pretty head aſide,
Peep'd in your fans, been ſerious, thus, and cry'd,
The Play may paſs--but that ſtrange creature, Shore,
I can't—indeed now—I ſo hate a whore—
Juſt as a blockhead rubs his thoughtleſs ſkull,
And thanks his ſtars he was not born a fool;
So from a ſiſter ſinner you ſhall hear,
"How ſtrangely you expoſe yourſelf, my dear?"
But let me die, all raillery apart,
Our ſex are ſtill forgiving at their heart;
And did not wicked cuſtom ſo contrive,
We'd be the beſt, good-natur'd things alive.
There are, 'tis true, who tell another tale,
That virtuous ladies envy while they rail;
Such rage without betrays the fire within;
In ſome cloſe corner of the ſoul, they ſin;
Still hoarding up, moſt ſcandalouſly nice,
Amidſt their virtues a reſerve of vice.
The godly dame, who fleſhly failings damns,
Scolds with her maid, or with her chaplain crams.

Would

Would you enjoy ſoft nights and ſolid dinners?
Faith, gallants, board with ſaints, and bed with ſinners.
Well, if our Author in the Wife offends,
He has a Huſband that will make amends:
He draws him gentle, tender, and forgiving,
And ſure ſuch kind, good creatures may be living.
In days of old, they pardon'd breach of vows,
Stern'd Cato's ſelf was no relentleſs ſpouſe:
Plu-Plutarch, what's his name, that writes his life?
Tells us, that Cato dearly lov'd his Wife:
Yet if a friend, a night or ſo, ſhould need her,
He'd recommend her as a ſpecial breeder.
To lend a wife, few here would ſcruple make,
But, pray, which of you all would take her back?
Tho' with the Stoic Chief our ſtage may ring,
The Stoic Huſband was the glorious thing.
The man had courage, was a ſage, 'tis true,
And lov'd his country—but what's that to you?
Thoſe ſtrange examples ne'er were made to fit ye,
But the kind cuckold might inſtruct the City:
There, many an honeſt man might copy Cato,
Who ne'er ſaw naked ſword, or look'd in Plato.
If, after all, you think it a diſgrace,
That Edward's Miſs thus perks it in your face;
To ſee a piece of failing fleſh and blood,
In all the reſt ſo impudently good;
Faith, let the modeſt Matrons of the town
Come here in crouds, and ſtare the ſtrumpet down.

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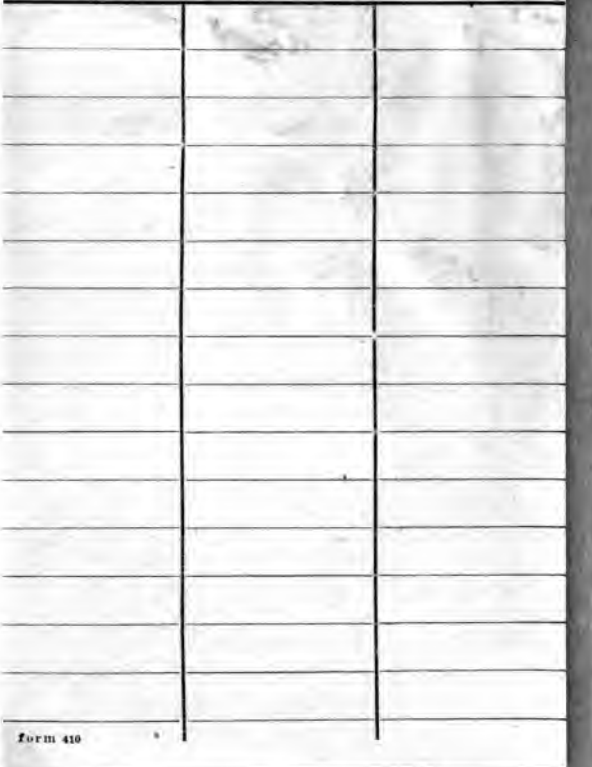

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